

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 779.



NOV. 1, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

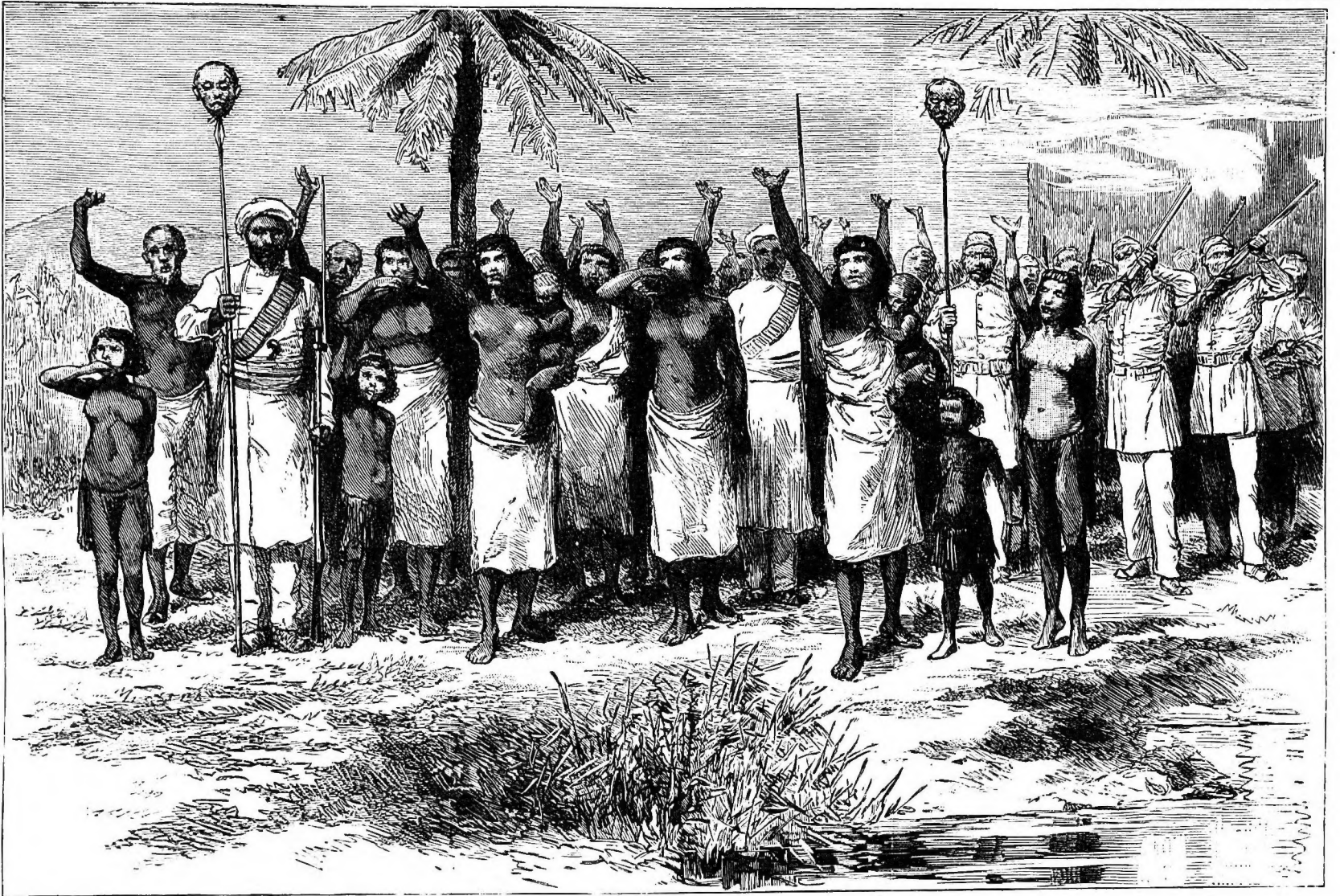
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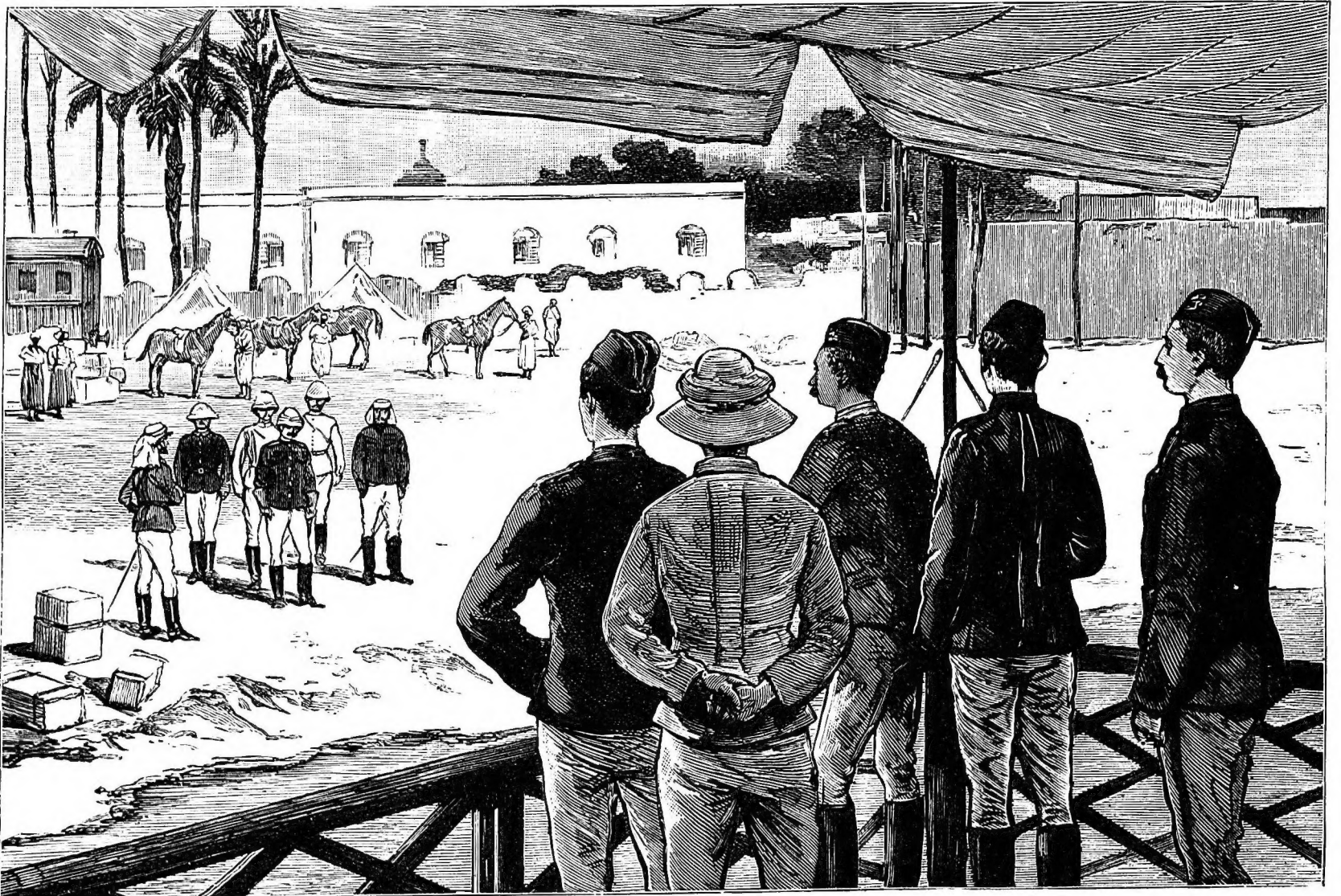
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



A RECEPTION ON THE BANK OF THE NILE, PROVINCE OF DONGOLA
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



"WHAT NEWS?"—MEETING BETWEEN LORD WOLSELEY AND GENERALS WOOD AND EARLE AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AT WADY HALFA
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

Topics of the Week

GENERAL GORDON.—It is still impossible to say whether Lord Wolseley will reach Khartoum in time. Some days ago it was reported that the garrison had surrendered; but the rumour has not been confirmed, and we may hope that it represented only the vague talk of the political gossips of Cairo. Even Mr. Gladstone's sanguine Government, however, can hardly feel confident that there is no chance of a disaster, for the provisions stored by General Gordon must be very nearly exhausted, and it is not improbable that he has inadequate supplies of ammunition. Should bad news arrive, there can be little doubt that the English public—at least for some time—will cease to take much interest in the subjects about which politicians have been demonstrating so freely during the last few months. If the Government had acted with ordinary prudence, Gordon and the garrison and population entrusted to his care might have been rescued long ago; but Mr. Gladstone shrank from the necessary expenditure. Now he has to send out a costly expedition, when it is uncertain whether the mischief he wishes to avert has not already been accomplished. A more discreditable series of blunders has not been committed by any English statesman for many a day; and even Lord Wolseley's success (if he should happen to be successful) ought not to prevent the country from showing in some way how strongly it condemns the manner in which the Prime Minister has discharged this part of his duty. Unfortunately, the results of Lord Wolseley's efforts cannot at the best be very satisfactory; for his instructions are simply to rescue Gordon, and as many persons in Khartoum as may be willing to accompany him. Nothing is to be done for the establishment of order in the Soudan. It is not at all certain that Gordon will consent to come away on these terms; and, if he does, perhaps the Powers may have something to say as to the expediency of leaving Egypt exposed to the attacks of turbulent and fanatical tribes.

THE MAAMTRASNA DISCUSSION.—Every one was conscious that there was something unreal about this wearisome debate. The apparent object of the motion was not the true object. The Irish Irreconcilables were not so anxious to rehabilitate the character of Myles Joyce as to blacken the character of Lord Spencer. This animus was discernible in almost all their speeches. Mr. Parnell may be cited as an exception; but it is doubtful whether his studied moderation was really sincere. He is fond of posing as the dignified, unimpassioned chief, who tolerates, even if he does not approve, the exuberant enthusiasm of his inferiors. Of course, these eloquent thunders against Lord Spencer, and "Castle" injustice generally, were not made primarily for the benefit of an incredulous and somewhat mocking House of Commons. They were really addressed to "the crowd" in Ireland, many of whom unfortunately, nurtured week after week on seditious newspapers and frothy Irish-American oratory, do truly believe that Lord Spencer is the head of a gang of tyrants and oppressors. We venture to assert that no body of men in the world are more anxious to do justice where they believe that justice has not been done than are the members of the House of Commons. Mr. Harrington's motion failed of acceptance because the testimony of Mr. Trevelyan and others showed that there had been no such miscarriage of justice as had been alleged. Moreover, it was at once perceived that mild as the motion appeared, it was in reality an indictment against Lord Spencer, against the Crimes' Act, in short, against the Imperial Government in Ireland. It is to be regretted that any Conservatives should have thought fit to join in the demand of the Irreconcilables. It is this tendency to sacrifice patriotism to party which adds to the strength of the Irish Disloyalists, and renders a firm administration of the law in Ireland so difficult. The only fault (if it were a fault) in Mr. Gladstone's speech of Tuesday, was that, although he manfully defended Lord Spencer, he was too civil to the Viceroy's slanderers. Politeness is thrown away upon such persons. They are as impassive as is a tortoise when a child tries to please it by stroking. Another time Mr. Gladstone had better take Solomon's advice, answer a fool according to his folly, and bestow on the Irreconcilables some of that divine wrath which, the night before, he poured on the head of poor Mr. Gourley. The shout which arose from the Parnellite benches, "Foreigners we are!" indicated the genuine aspirations of the faction. They want Separation and Independence.

SUNDAY LETTERS.—Few Londoners will agree with Mr. Bright that a Sunday delivery of letters in the metropolis would be desirable. There are no facts to bear out Mr. Bright's contention that the Sunday delivery is a boon in the provinces because poor people habitually write to their relatives on Saturdays, and the latter are thus enabled to answer the letters in a calm frame of mind on the Sabbath. To begin with, poor people when they do write on Saturday generally write and post late. Is not Mr. Bright aware that for a letter to reach any provincial town or country district in time for the Sunday delivery it must be posted before five o'clock? The chief use of the Sunday delivery in the provinces is to enable tradesmen to devote Sunday morning to writing business letters—a practice of which, of course,

Mr. Bright has never heard. In London the exemption from the postman's knock on Sunday is regarded as a real blessing by all jaded professional and business men. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fawcett will not listen to Mr. Bright's advocacy for a Sunday post, but will rather turn his attention to the grievances of the ill-used auxiliary letter carriers. One of this hard-worked, ill-paid body has been writing to the *Times*, and his complaints are most lamentable. How can the Post Office authorities reconcile it either with their duty to the public, or with common notions of humanity, to pay postmen entrusted with valuable parcels at the rate of ten shillings a week only, and sometimes less? We know it is urged that the auxiliaries are not expected to live on their salaries, as they are supposed to be men exercising trades; but this is all nonsense. Their labours as postmen and carriers leave them little leisure or energy for other business. Moreover, they form two-thirds of the army of postmen, and the authorities at St. Martin's Le Grand notoriously use their services as much as possible in order to avoid employing a sufficient number of regular and better-paid postmen. This is quite wrong, and Mr. Fawcett, after all his speeches on rational philanthropy, is the last man who should connive at such an abuse.

OUR LEGISLATORS.—Carlyle is said by Mr. Froude to have expressed a hope that Lord Wolseley would some day make an end of Parliament. Lord Wolseley would be rather an odd kind of Cromwell, but really a good many people must be beginning to doubt whether, after all, England would lose much if he or somebody else were to order once more the removal of "that bauble." Parliament was summoned for the express purpose of considering a particular measure, and if the House of Commons had been a thoroughly business-like Assembly it would have begun almost immediately its proper work. Some discussion on the Address was no doubt necessary, but in the course of a single evening everything might have been said about it that was worth saying. Yet night after night has been wasted in futile debate, and it is still uncertain how long we may have to wait before Mr. Gladstone finds an opportunity of making his promised statement as to the Franchise Bill. When he has made it we shall hear again all the arguments that have done service on hundreds of platforms; and then the Lords will probably throw out the measure, although they profess to differ from the Government only on a comparatively unimportant question of procedure. This is not the way in which men do business in private life; and it is hard to understand why as much good sense should not be manifested in the management of the affairs of the nation as is displayed in the management of the affairs of a railway company. A writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* draws a terrible picture of the consequences which may be expected to spring from the triumph of Democracy; but if working men ever become the supreme power in the State, they can hardly fail to effect some improvement in our methods of government. They will at least—we may hope—insist that Parliament shall not devote itself wholly to mere talk.

FRENCH CONVICTS AND BRITISH COLONIES.—The doings of the French people—or, let us hasten to say, of the French Government—are exercising very considerably the patience of Englishmen. The Egyptian imbroglio in which we are weltering is largely due to the fact that the French led us up to a certain point and then refused to go any further; the hostile operations (we must not say "war") in Madagascar and China are destroying British property and British trade; while lastly, our Antipodal Colonies are threatened with an invasion of French convicts of the worst type. For a "Recidivist" means one who has relapsed into crime—in fact, what we call an habitual criminal. The Recidivists Bill has now passed through the Committee stage in the French Senate. The Senate has made one important modification in the measure. They have left it to the option of the Government to decide upon the Colonies to which prisoners shall be deported, instead of fixing on New Caledonia. Unfortunately, however, France has no other extra-tropical colonies, for North Africa is, of course, out of the question. Cayenne is so malarious that transportation thither used to be styled "the dry guillotine." Inland, however, the climate is more salubrious; still, it is not a country in which white men can earn a subsistence by the labour of their hands. One thing is certain; if New Caledonia is selected by the French as the place for shooting their moral rubbish, they will meet with the most determined opposition from the Australians, who have just had a taste of future criminal delights in the discovery at Melbourne of a gang of New Caledonian coiners and burglars. If New Caledonia were a large and fertile island it might for some years to come absorb a moderate annual supply of malefactors. But in actual fact New Caledonia is small and barren. To pour ten thousand criminals a-year into such a place is practically to arrange for their overflow into Australia. The Australians will not stand this; and we may venture to ask M. Ferry whether it is worth while to give bitter offence to an embryo nation who fifty years hence will be as numerous as the French nation? The simple fact is, that the world is now too crowded to allow of criminal colonies, and the French, like their neighbours, must dispose of their bad characters at home.

CENTENARIANS.—Applying Niebuhr's process of criticism to all cases of alleged centenarianism, Dr. Thom succeeded

some years ago in making people doubt whether there had ever existed a genuine centenarian at all. Since then there have been numerous well-authenticated instances of persons having lived over a hundred years; though again last week a daily paper mentioned Sir Moses Montefiore as the only individual in this category. Parish registers prior to the Registration Act, which came into operation fifty-five years ago, cannot always be trusted; but it by no means follows that because some were ill-kept all were so. Even in far-away times there were clergymen who managed their registers with a care that would have satisfied a modern statistician. No doubt some of the supposed centenarians in bygone ages were persons who had got confounded with elder brothers or sisters bearing the same names, or with their fathers and mothers. Parents losing a child would sometimes give its name to another born years afterwards, and if this second child was born in another parish, and afterwards came to live in the parish where the first had died, mistakes were very likely to occur. At the same time, the cases of indisputable centenarianism in the present century render it more than probable that there were hundred-year-old folk in former days, for we must not assume too readily that our forefathers, especially during the sceptical eighteenth century, took all stories of centenarians without inquiry. In France one may depend upon all the registers of the *Etat Civil* dating from 1791, and at the last census in 1880 there were 483 persons living who had been born in that year, besides 118 who were known to have been born earlier, though the date of their births could not in all cases be fixed, owing to the confiscation of the old church registers by the State. In a few years it will be possible to poll the French centenarians with absolute certainty; and after that it will be interesting to watch whether any person really reaches 110 years. Meanwhile it would perhaps conduce to the longevity of centenarians if their friends refrained from exciting them overmuch on their hundredth birth-days. Nerves are not strong at five-score years of age.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.—It is said that the Conservatives were rather disappointed with the terms of Lord Randolph Churchill's Amendment to the Address. He was supposed to have in his possession evidence showing that Mr. Chamberlain was directly responsible for the Aston riot, but it turned out that he could invite the House of Commons only to consider the general tendency of the speeches of the President of the Board of Trade. This is no doubt a subject of some importance, and it is one about which a good many Liberals have formed opinions very different from those of Mr. Chamberlain himself. A subject less fitted for discussion in Parliament, however, could hardly be conceived; for if the House of Commons is to weigh the "political utterances" which fill the newspapers during the recess, it is pretty evident that it will not have much time for serious work. It may be said that Mr. Chamberlain is exceptionally violent in his methods of attack, but he is certainly not more violent than Lord Randolph Churchill. And to most people his violence probably seems less repulsive than that of his rival, since the Member for Birmingham has always at least the advantage of fighting for a definite set of principles, whereas no one can tell what Lord Randolph Churchill fights for. On the whole, the Conservatives would do well to devote their attention rather to the proposals which Mr. Chamberlain advocates than to the manner in which he chooses to expound them. They may be sure that whatever influence he possesses is due, not to the extravagance with which he assails those who differ from him, but to the democratic movement of which, whether for good or for evil, he is now one of the leading representatives. If it can be shown that Mr. Chamberlain is mistaken in his aims, his opponents may safely allow him to denounce and even to misrepresent them as often and as virulently as he pleases.

CLOSE OF THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.—Last year, when the Fisheries Exhibition came to an end, people thought that no future display could possibly be so successful. Yet the "Healtheries" has even eclipsed its predecessor in popularity, and the financial success has been considerable if it be true that, after all the heavy expenses which have been incurred are discharged, there will be a surplus of some thirty thousand pounds. It may be worth while to inquire into the causes of this exceeding popularity of the Healtheries, which indeed is reported to have had such a chilling effect on the receipts of other places of entertainment, that theatre and music-hall managers doubtless regard the putting up of the shutters at South Kensington with as much equanimity as young ladies of ordinary charms regard the enforced departure of the acknowledged belle at a ball. Well, first and foremost, the glorious summer had a great deal to do with it. Rarely in chilly Britain have there been so many weeks in succession during which it was possible to sit out of doors without discomfort. This out-door business—the military bands, the abundant seats, the Chinese lanterns, and the plentiful opportunities of flirting, were without doubt the chief cause of the magnetic attraction of the Healtheries to the "smart" people, who came principally on Wednesday evenings. These smart people, comparatively a *blase* race, were indifferent about the inside shows. But, after all, these smart people are not very numerous, and season and free tickets were so prevalent among them that they cannot be styled a very paying crowd. The genuine supporters of the

Healthier were the multitude, especially the provincial "trippers," who came, as Mr. Odger used to say, "in their thousands," and luxuriated, not merely in the bands of music, but in the Dairy Show, and the Electric Light Display, and in the Gallery of Costumes, and, above all, in Old London. Practice makes perfect; and the caterers—who, we think, deserve the hearty thanks of the public—may provide even a more fascinating bill of fare for 1885. If they can get the Clerk of the Weather to take an interest in their undertaking, success will be assured.

CLERICAL COSTUME.—The Rev. J. B. Lennard, Rector of Crawley, Sussex, invites the opinion of his clerical brethren as to whether a distinctive dress in everyday life is not a hindrance to clergymen in their vocation. The Rev. E. Husband, of Folkestone, believes it is, and from what we hear there are not a few clergymen of the same mind who habitually attire themselves as laymen. If a clergyman honestly believes that he can do more good in a shooting-coat and blue scarf than in a black coat and ecclesiastical collar, and if he discards clerical attire only for the purpose of doing good, no reflective person will blame him. The Protestant Churches, less strict than the Roman Catholic, leave questions of costume, except during Church service, to the discretion of ministers, and this latitude is doubtless wise. It must be remembered, however, that the expediency of a distinctive garb for the clergy was discussed and settled centuries ago, and that all experience is in favour of it. Many clergymen are poor, but the black coat of a minister, however shabby, ensures respect to its wearer; whereas an old suit of tweeds could not be expected to serve the same purpose. To say that a clergyman is estopped from conversing profitably with casual acquaintances because people who see him in clerical dress are on their guard against his spiritual attacks, is to look at only one side of the question. The entrance of a clergyman into a railway-carriage or an hotel coffee-room will often check a great deal of loose talking. No decent people will say aloud anything that would shock a clergyman's ears, and the restraints which a clergyman's mere presence thus puts upon levity, profanity, and inconsiderate expletives is surely a good thing. Besides, we rather doubt whether a clergyman who conceals his real character when he approaches a layman with a view to conversion exactly fulfils the ideal which a man with a very delicate sense of honour would propose to himself. He would in any case lose opportunities of doing good to those persons—and they are many—whom the sight of a clergyman soothes and attracts into religious conversation. Far from approving Mr. Husband's views we submit that there is generally too much disposition in this country to undervalue the influence of professional attire. The behaviour of officers in uniform is always correct; as much cannot be said for that of all young subalterns in plain clothes; and the prestige of the Army would certainly not suffer if the wearing of uniform at certain hours of the day were made compulsory for all officers in garrison towns, as the wearing of academicals is (or was, for at Oxford they are getting very lax in this particular) by University undergraduates.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.—The exact results of the German elections will not be known for some time, for the battle will have to be fought a second time in those constituencies in which candidates have failed to obtain the number of votes necessary for success. It is certain, however, that the Reichstag will show an increased number of Social Democrats. But power will still be practically divided among the Conservatives, the Liberals, and the Clerical party; and Prince Bismarck will be able to secure a majority only by inducing two of these parties to act together. The real Liberal party (the party composed of the Progressists and the Secessionists) he will not, of course, try to conciliate; for to his whole domestic policy it has hitherto offered, and it will continue to offer, a resolute opposition. He will have no alternative, therefore, but to attempt to maintain a good understanding with the Conservatives and the Clericals: a most unwelcome task, since the Clericals demand, with constantly increasing earnestness, the repeal of those parts of the Falk Laws by which they are still, as they think, held in bondage. A homogeneous majority in the Reichstag will be impossible until the dispute between Church and State is brought to an end; but there is no sign that the Chancellor intends to make new concessions to the Papacy. Meanwhile, it is pretty obvious that there is urgent need for the union of all German politicians who wish to prevent the growth of a revolutionary spirit among the masses of the population. The Socialists have proved that they are more powerful than ever; and it is significant that they seem to be nowhere so strong as in the capital of the Empire.

AN OLD-WORLD PACIFIC RAILWAY.—People who are not very elderly can remember when the Far West of North America was a wilderness peopled by red men and buffaloes, and when San Francisco was a sleepy little Spanish-American colony. Now the Continent is traversed by three parallel lines of railway. Communication is so regular and so easy that some time ago we observed an advertisement in a New York paper of a seaside cottage to let on the Pacific coast, just as a Londoner might announce that he was prepared to dispose of a marine residence at Tenby or Aberystwith. In the Old World we are very far behind this rate of progress.

India has an extensive system of railways of its own, but otherwise, going eastwards, the locomotive is little known beyond Constantinople and the Ural Mountains. This, if we compare the Old World with the New, is as if the American railways ran from the Atlantic no further westward than the Alleghany Mountains. But it must be remembered that our Continent, reckoning Europe and Asia together, is twice as broad as North America, and that the physical and political difficulties of railway-making are far more formidable. We make these remarks *apropos* of a scheme which has been mooted in Russia and Germany for the construction of a great Pacific Railway from Ekaterinburg to Nikolaievsk on the Amoor, with branches to Herat, Bokhara, and Irkutsk. The scheme is by no means impracticable, and there is plenty of capital sighing for employment, provided a guarantee for moderate interest could be secured. Whether Russia, the country chiefly interested, is financially capable of giving a satisfactory guarantee for such a big affair is doubtful; and Russophobists will say that if we lend or guarantee the money it would be like paying for the pistol with which some one means to blow out our brains. Of course, the construction of the railway would enable Russia to move her troops more easily, but, after all, in case of an invasion, our soldiers would be on the spot, and nobody knows better than the Russians what a tremendously risky business the invasion would be. Therefore, in spite of alarmists, we are in favour of the Old World Pacific Railway, it will promote trade, it will weld together peoples hitherto widely parted. If it should be made, we must for very shame construct the comparatively short line through Asia Minor and Beloochistan. Then we shall see the advertisement: "Calcutta and back in three weeks, giving passengers a full week in the City of Palaces," &c., &c.

THE "SUMMARY" NEWSPAPER.—A halfpenny morning journal, which, under good editorship, might have had a splendid career, expired the other day after an existence mysterious as well as brief. The *Summary* was started some months ago as an offshoot of the *Times*. It was a little halfpenny sheet, of handy size, which contained a summary of the *Times* contents, with one original article in the style of the "Turnovers" in the *Globe* and *Evening Standard*. But the strange feature in its birth and short life was that the parent sheet never patronised it by a line of advertisement or editorial goodwill. The public entering the Advertisement Office of the *Times*, in Queen Victoria Street, could see the word "Summary" on a brass plate over one of the counters, but this was the only way in which the leading journal acknowledged the existence of its interesting little offspring. Ninety-nine-hundredths of the newspaper readers of the kingdom probably never heard of the *Summary*. In London it was hardly known; and some said that "the Trade"—that is, the news-agents—were against it; but this was a mistake, for the trade sell the *Echo* and the *Evening News* readily enough; and, as a matter of profit, they would rather sell two halfpenny journals than one penny newspaper, because the more customers they have the better for their business as stationers, tobacconists, sweet-stuff sellers, or what not. At the railway bookstalls the *Summary* was largely purchased by working-men and clerks going to their business by the early morning trains; and if the paper had been edited in view of such readers, its circulation would have been immense, and it would have done good to the *Times*. But it was not well edited. Two of its columns were generally devoted to a City article, about which working-men cared nothing; and it was a fault to insert weighty political telegrams and dry analyses of the *Times* leaders instead of crisp paragraphs of news. There is a grand opening in London for a halfpenny morning journal of entertaining news, for workmen like to carry off a paper which they can read travelling up by train, and re-read at the dinner-hour. All who know the high administrative abilities of Mr. Macdonald, the *Times* Manager, are aware that he must have had such a journal in his mind when he started the *Summary*, and it may be hoped that the proprietors of the *Times* will not have been put out of conceit with the notion because its first venture was unsuccessful.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA—PART I., RUSSIAN TURKISTAN," by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D.



THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W. Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—EVERY EVENING, at a quarter to Eight, the Play *THE PLAYERS* in twenty minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a quarter past Eight, a New Play, Written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven; carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5.—Matinee of CALLED BACK Saturday, November 8, at 2.30.

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BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

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THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

RECEPTION IN A PROVINCE OF DONGOLA

THIS sketch is one of a series of "From the Second Cataract to Dongola with the 1st Sussex," illustrated on a succeeding page, and is thus described by the officer to whose courtesy we are indebted for them:—"One morning, when only a short distance from Dongola, considerable excitement was caused by the sound of rifles discharged from the shore. Several bullets were seen to strike the water in front of the boats. On approaching the bank, a party of Bashi-Bazouks was discovered 'presenting arms' to the boats, and firing wildly into the air. Two heads, fixed on the ends of spears, were being brandished about, and a crowd of scantily dressed women was cheering in true Nubian fashion. We soon learnt that the firing was merely a playful way of attracting our attention, and that the heads had belonged to two of the Mahdi's lieutenants, who had been captured and executed by the Mudir of Dongola. The Mahdi had appointed these gentlemen respectively the Mudir of Cairo and the Mudir of Tunis. Unfortunately for them, they had been captured and killed before they could occupy these high positions, and their heads were being sent under a guard of Bashi-Bazouks in the direction of the provinces which they had fondly hoped to govern."

"WHAT NEWS?"

"We arrived," writes Mr. F. Villiers, our Special Artist, on October 5th, about 12.30 P.M., "at Wady Halfa, at present our base of operations. It is here that the great difficulty of navigation really begins. There is a line of railway now extended to fifty miles, which runs by the side of the Great Cataract. But though this piece of troublesome hill is avoided, there is a series of rapids almost up to Dongola as far as a town called Hannek. At the landing place Generals Earle and Wood were there to meet Lord Wolseley, and we accordingly asked for news before our steamer was moored, for we had been without any direct information from home or elsewhere for several days."

GENERAL VIEW OF WADY HALFA

We have already fully described this important town, which, situated at the foot of the Second Cataract, is now the headquarters of Lord Wolseley and of the Nile Expedition. According to the original scheme of the British Government, when General Gordon and Colonel Stewart were sent to Khartoum to withdraw the garrison, Wady Halfa was to form the southernmost limit of Egyptian rule, the region beyond to Khartoum being handed over to some benevolent chief, who, for a consideration in the shape of a subsidy, would undertake to keep the region as quiet as possible. That this policy is adhered to is manifest from the recently published "instructions" to Lord Wolseley, while such a chieftain is not unlikely to be discovered in the person of the Mudir of Dongola. Nevertheless, taking all things into consideration, it is not impossible after all that the proposed Egyptian frontier may extend to Khartoum.



MR. G. FAUDEL PHILLIPS
Sheriff of London and Middlesex

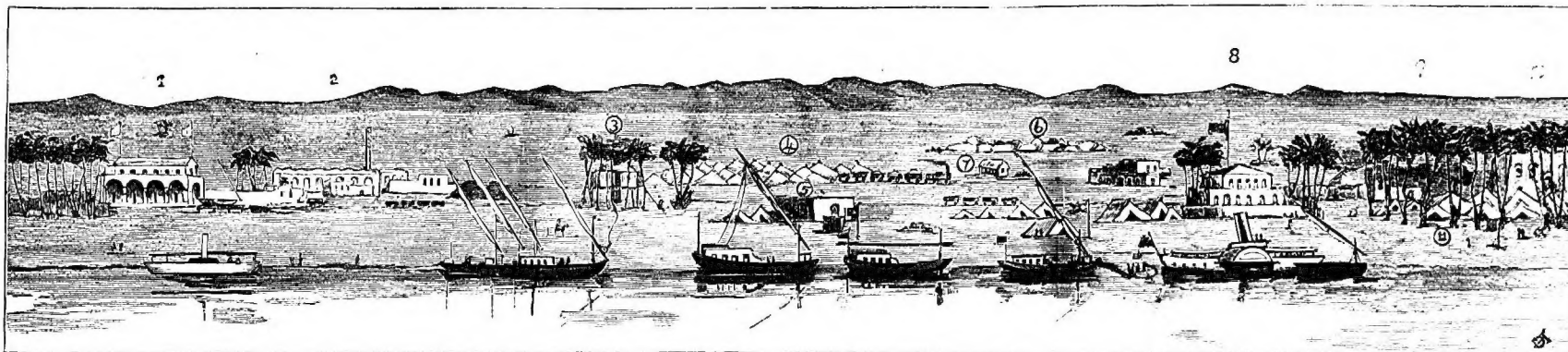


MR. ALDERMAN GEORGE SWAN NOTTAGE
Lord Mayor Elect



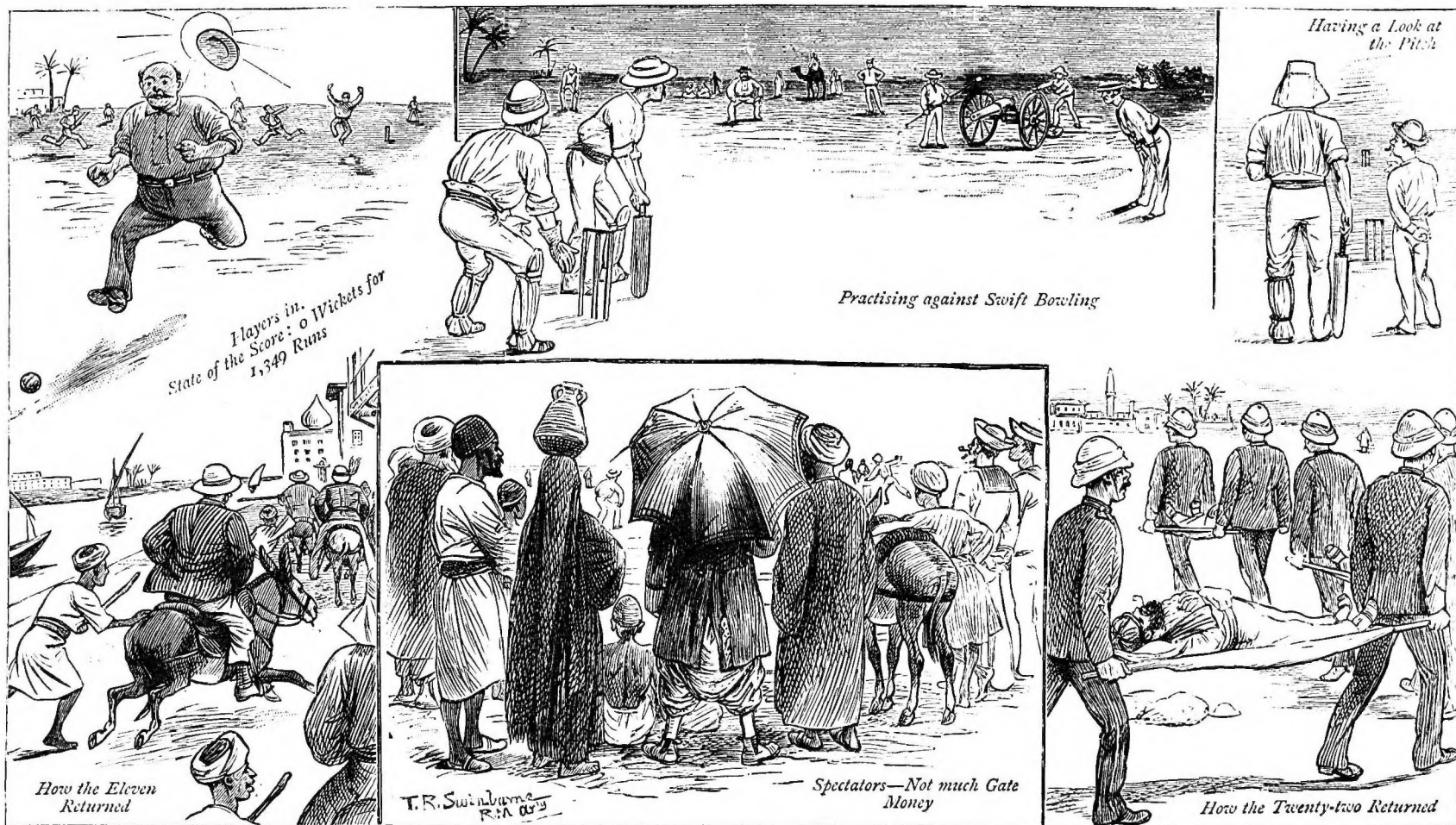
MR. ALDERMAN JAMES WHITEHEAD
Senior Sheriff of London and Middlesex

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS



1. Military Hospital.—2. Railway Works.—3. Tanks of Water for Locomotive.—4. Encampment of Egyptian Army.—5. Ordnance Stores Department.—6. Encampment of English Army (Mounted Infantry and Staffordshire Regiment).—7. Railway Station.—8. Head-Quarters of Sir E. Wood and Government House.—9. Market of the Town.—10. Mosque.—11. Encampment of Sir E. Wood and His Staff.

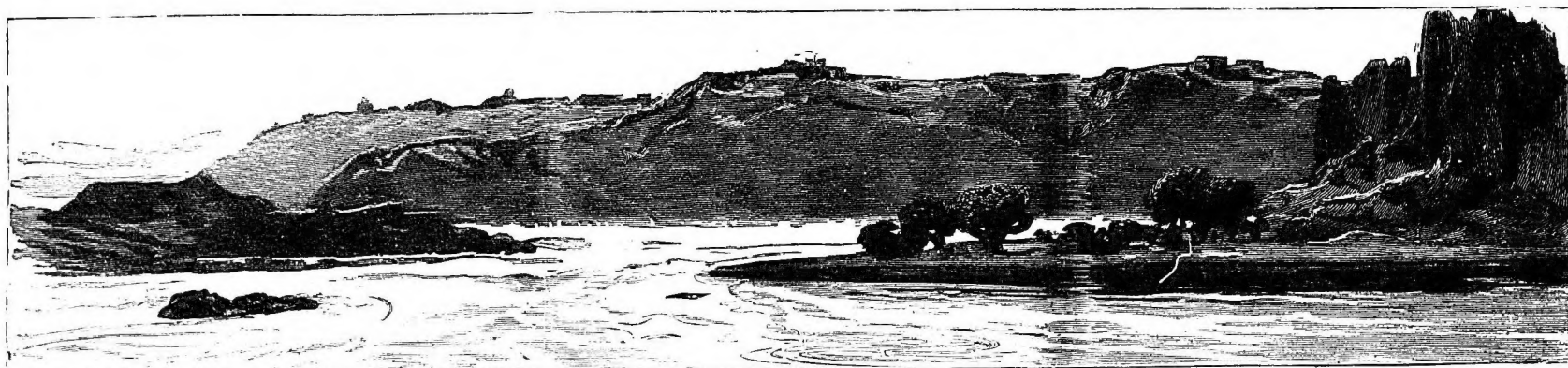
THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—GENERAL VIEW OF WADY HALFA, THE PRESENT BASE OF OPERATIONS, FROM THE RIVER
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL.



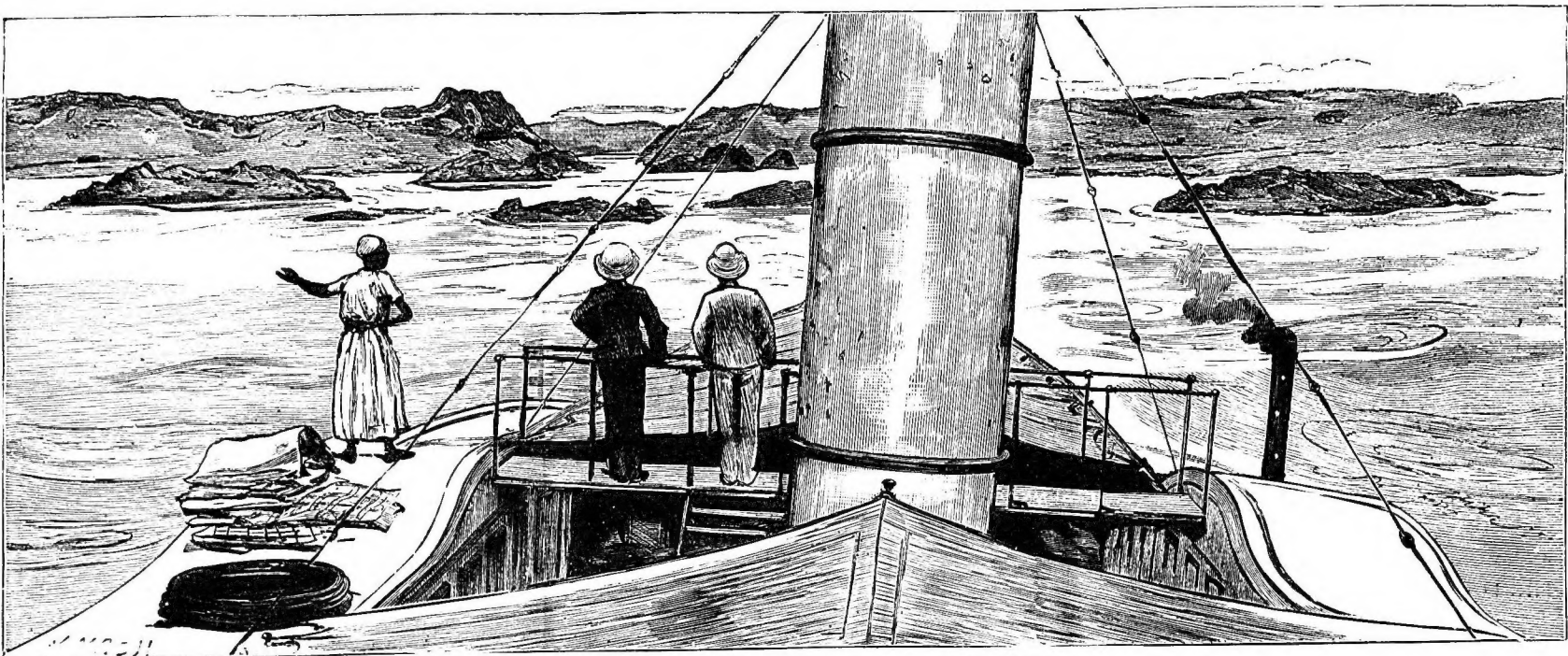
NOTES AT A CRICKET-MATCH PLAYED AT SUEZ BETWEEN THE ELEVEN OF ENGLAND (ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA) AND TWENTY-TWO GENTLEMEN OF SUEZ



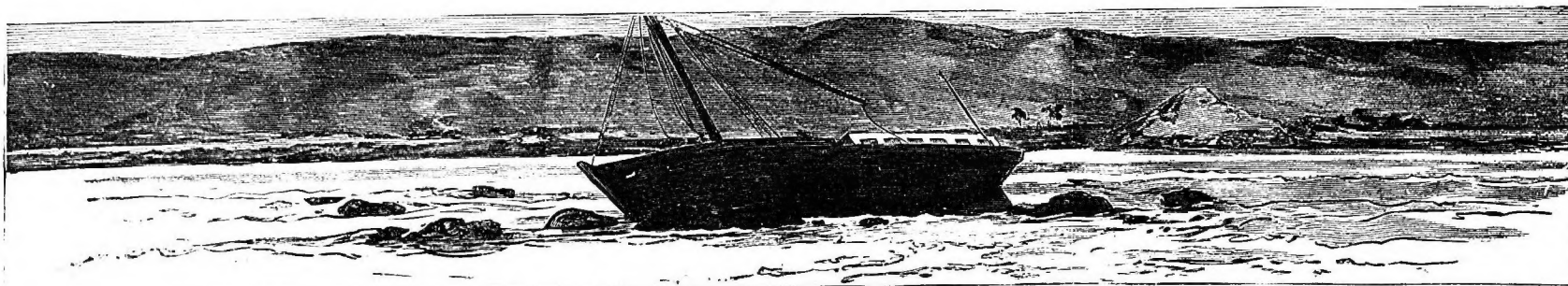
LORD WOLSELEY'S STEAMER BEING TOWED UP THE RAPIDS



THE BEGINNING OF THE RAPIDS ON LEAVING ASSOUAN



LORD WOLSELEY'S STEAMER APPROACHING THE RAPIDS



A NILE BOAT WRECKED ON THE ROCKS OF THE RAPIDS

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—LORD WOLSELEY AT THE FIRST CATARACT
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

WITH GENERAL WOLSELEY—ASCENDING THE FIRST CATARACT

"THE first difficulty of Nile navigation," writes our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, "commences about three miles from Assouan, where a succession of rapids for about seven miles presents itself, and, according to the rise or fall of the river, are more or less dangerous. The water circles into innumerable little whirlpools, with here and there the jagged tops of black ironstone rock appearing above the surface. Threading her way through these dangers, the steamer *Firouz* throbbed along through the strong eddies at full speed, till she arrived at a point of land where the rapids are divided into two courses, both opening out on to the famous ruins of Philæ, where the danger ends. At the point of land mentioned the steamer stops, and the real difficulty and danger began. The natives, who had been conveyed for the purpose of tugging from Assouan, now land, and their number being augmented by Egyptian soldiers and Blue-jackets to about 300, hawsers were thrown out, and the tugging began, the object being to pull the ship round the rocky point in question, where the waters surged with great strength and fury. Thrice, when almost clear, were we driven or shot back against the land, large numbers of Blue-jackets and soldiers trying to drive us back with long poles into the angry waters. At last, after an hour's exertions in this way, the nose of our steamer faced the current. Then, with full steam, we cut through the boiling waters, all the men on shore now holding on to the hawsers, and pulling with might and main, to prevent the good ship being driven by the force of water on to the rocks in mid channel, which showed their black teeth up out of the rapids. With yells and shouts and English cheers, we were dragged along. With a sharp crack, like the noise of a rifle, one of our hawsers snapped, and for an instant the ship reeled with the full rush of the current, and in another we were out of all danger, and in the calmer waters on our course to Philæ."

UP THE NILE, FROM THE SECOND CATARACT TO DONGOLA

"MY first sketch," writes the officer who has sent us these sketches, "shows the start of the right-half battalion of the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment, from Sarras to New Dongola, in nuggars. The regiment moved by train from Wady Halfa to Sarras (thirty-five miles), and thus avoided the Second Cataract."

"At Sarras the men and stores were embarked on board nine nuggars. A nuggar is a roughly-made native boat, not unlike a washhand basin in shape. They are decked over with uneven planking for a short distance, fore and aft, and a single mast rises from the centre of the vessel. The sail is wound up like a window blind, on the lower boom, which has a handle attached to its end. In this way sail is shortened, and the pace of the boats is regulated. A nuggar holds about fifty men, with stores and ammunition complete. On the left of the sketch the ruins of an old Arab castle are shown."

"At night the boats were always tied up to the bank. A picquet was thrown out, and the men were allowed to indulge in bathing wherever the current was not dangerously swift. As a rule the soldiers slept on shore, as the nuggars were found to be too small to allow the men to sleep comfortably in them."

"Large fields of dhoura line the banks. Every now and then we saw rough stands rising above the dark green crops, on which young girls and boys were perched, armed with stones and slings to scare away the birds from the grain."

"One of the numerous accidents which occurred to the little flotilla on its voyage up the river is depicted in the last sketch. Considerable difficulty was found in preventing the 'reises,' or native pilots, from racing one with another. On the third day, when the boats were sailing pretty close together, one 'reise,' more eager than the rest, attempted to cross the bows of the head-quarter boat. The result was a violent collision. The mast broke off short, and, with the sail and rigging, fell overboard. The offending nuggar, however, escaped almost uninjured. A tent, raised on poles, formed an extemporized sail, and the disabled nuggar was drifted down the stream upon a sandy bank. Happily no cataracts or sunken rocks were near, and no lives were lost. The wreck was abandoned next morning, the men and stores being distributed among the other boats."

THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA

THIS chieftain has proved a staunch ally through all the difficulties which have attended the organisation of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon. Through him General Gordon's despatches home were transmitted, and the General himself has shown the greatest confidence in him, while it is confidently stated that the British Government have offered him the Governorship of the district lying between Wady Halfa and Khartoum. The Mudir commands great influence with the surrounding tribes, is exceedingly brave, and is highly respected by his own subjects. He is a staunch fanatic, and when not fighting he spends the greater part of his days in prayer.—Our portrait is from a sketch by a British officer, who writes:—"His expression is gloomy and thoughtful, and he seldom if ever smiles. Though a Turk, he has a great objection to tobacco, and will allow no one to smoke in his neighbourhood."

CRICKET MATCH AT SUEZ

SAYS Captain T. R. Swinburne, Royal Marine Artillery, to whom we are indebted for these sketches, "These drawings depict, from a fanciful point of view, the cricket match played on October 2nd by the Eleven of England (*en route* for Australia) and Twenty-Two Gentlemen of Suez. The match proved a very enjoyable one. The Players went in first, and were got out for 117 runs. Stumps were drawn at 6 P.M., eleven of the Twenty-Two wickets having fallen for 40 runs. Doubtless we should have had more difficulty in disposing of the enemy had we not been favoured by the heat, dust, and glare. Some of the English Players, too, declared that they could not get rid of the feeling that they were still on board a rolling ship."

THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

THE new Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Nottage, is descended from a family who have long settled at Nottage, in Glamorganshire, but who afterwards migrated to Essex, in which county the future Alderman passed his early youth. In 1875 he was elected Alderman of Cordwainer Ward, and in 1877, in conjunction with Mr. Alderman Staples, he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in the Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Ouden. He is a member of the Carpenters', Loriners', and Spectaclemakers' Companies, and this year is the Master of the Carpenters' Company. The Lord Mayor Elect was for many years engaged in the large iron business of his uncle, Mr. R. W. Kennard, late M.P. for Newport. But he is best known as the founder of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, a concern which has agencies all over the world. He is in politics a Liberal, and is a member of the Church of England. He is sixty-one years of age, and in 1851 was married to Christiana, daughter of Mr. Charles Warner. By her he has a son and a daughter. The former, Mr. Charles G. Nottage, who graduated with honours at Cambridge, is a barrister-at-law. His daughter is married to Mr. S. E. Palmer, a member of the well-known Reading firm, Huntley and Palmer.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the newly-elected Senior Sheriff, is the son of the late James Whitehead, of Appleby, Westmoreland, and was born March 2nd, 1834. He springs from an old Quaker family. He was educated at the Appleby Grammar School, and began his business career in that town in 1849. He then went to Kendal, and afterwards up to 1881, when he retired, was engaged

in what is known as the "Bradford trade." In 1882, on the death of Mr. Alderman Breffit, he was elected Alderman of the Ward of Cheap. Since his connection with the Corporation, he has served on several important Committees. He is governor of several hospitals and other charitable institutions. In 1860 he married Mercy Matilda, fourth daughter of Mr. Thomas Hinds, of Huntingdon, and by her has four sons and two daughters. The Alderman is the accepted candidate for the representation of Westmoreland in the Liberal interest.

Mr. G. Faudel Phillips, the Junior Sheriff, is the younger son of Alderman Sir B. S. Phillips, of the extensive firm of Faudel, Phillips, and Co., Newgate Street, in which he has been a partner since 1861. He is by religion a Jew, and was educated at the London University, and in France and Germany. He married Ellen Matilda, fourth daughter of Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and has two sons and three daughters. Mr. Phillips is a member of the Spectaclemakers' Company, and a Liberal candidate for the borough of Horsham.

Our portraits are from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street.

THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

See page 456.

MR. TREVELYAN

THE reassembling of Parliament was signalled by some Ministerial changes. The Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, M.P., on being raised to the peerage, retired from the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, to which the Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan was appointed, with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Trevelyan was succeeded in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. George Otto Trevelyan was born in 1838, and is the son of Sir C. E. Trevelyan, Bart., by Hannah More, daughter of Zachary Macaulay, Esq., the father of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan, who was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge—where he was second in the first class of the Classical Tripos—inherits no small share of the literary gifts of his brilliant uncle. Witness his books "Cawnpore," "The Competition-Wallah," "The Life of Lord Macaulay," and "The Early Days of Fox." It does, indeed, seem a grievous waste that a man of such talent should have been kept night after night answering the sort of questions put by the sort of members whom modern Irishmen send as their representatives to Westminster. However, Mr. Trevelyan has now escaped from this hotbed of drudgery and calumny into a serene atmosphere. Before his Irish experiences he had been a Lord of, and Parliamentary Secretary to, the Admiralty. In the House, he first represented Tynemouth, and, since 1868, the Border Boroughs. In 1869 he married Caroline, eldest daughter of R. N. Philips, Esq., M.P. for Bury.—Our portrait, as well as that of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, is from a photograph by James Russell and Sons, 199, Brompton Road, South Kensington.

MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

MR. Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire, by Janet, daughter of the late Henry Bannerman, Esq. He was born in 1836, and was educated at Glasgow University and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honours. He has been Financial Secretary to the War Office, and since May, 1882, Secretary to the Admiralty. He is now Chief Secretary for Ireland, which is not exactly a bed of roses, especially since, according to our silly rules, he has to run the gauntlet of verbally answering all the questions which the malicious ingenuity of the Irreconcilables can invent. In 1872 he assumed the additional surname of Bannerman. In 1860 he married Charlotte, daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.B.

COLONEL CHRISTOPHER HEWITSON BARNES, R.H.A.,

WHO died of dysentery at Cairo whilst in command of the Royal Artillery, on service in Egypt, was the son of Hewitson Barnes, Esq., M.D., of Notting Hill, and Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Hanbury, Esq., of Sloefarm, Halstead, Essex. He was gazetted as Second Lieutenant to the Bengal Artillery in 1854, and in 1855 distinguished himself for his devotion in attending the sick in the Mean Meer Hospital, near Lahore, during the terrible outbreak of cholera in that year. In recognition of his services during this period the Commander-in-Chief in India posted him to the Royal Horse Artillery. Colonel Barnes served with great distinction throughout the Indian Mutiny, when he commanded two guns manned as Horse Artillery by volunteer officers and sergeants in the actions of Nembhaira and Sheerun in 1857. He was severely wounded, being shot through the right breast, at the Siege of Neemuch, in November, 1857, and received the thanks of the Bombay Government for services on that occasion. He also served in the Oude Campaign (1858-9), when he obtained the Medal with Clasp. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1861, attained his Majority in 1872, and in 1878 was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Artillery, obtaining the brevet rank of Colonel in 1882. Colonel Barnes was married to Caroline, daughter of Henry Bartlett, Esq., M.D., of Lower Brook Street, Ipswich. This lady and two sons survive him.—Our engraving is from a photograph by A. T. W. Penn, Ootacamund, India.

RATS ON BOARD SHIP

THE rat is sometimes described as an intelligent little rodent, but on board ship he is a nuisance. Like Macbeth, he doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep. Then in the limited space of a ship's cabin every noise is most plainly heard. Gradually the startled would-be sleeper goes mad—like the German Professor in the caricature tormented with a blow-fly. He shies his property about—boots, cap, and so forth—but instead of smiting the crafty rat, he simply smashes his looking-glass, or sends his cherished flower (her last and sweetest gift!), pot and all, into the sea. In his fury he makes a lunge with his sword through the thin partition, and narrowly escapes transfixing his next door neighbour. Meanwhile the rat colony enjoy themselves—they devote themselves to literature (as far as the outsidings of the books are concerned), and they are genuinely fond of music. Even when a cat and a trap were provided they were of no avail, for by some horrible witchery the cat managed to get inside the trap, and all the rats assembled outside complacently regarding their imprisoned foe.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA

See page 561 *et seqq.*

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 465.

THE KAIETEUR FALLS, BRITISH GUIANA

IN April, 1870, Mr. C. B. Brown discovered the grand Kaieteur Falls, one of the greatest wonders of the kind in the whole world. The falls are formed by a sudden dip in the bed of the Potaro, a western tributary of the Essequibo River, the water at this point being precipitated over the edge of the sandstone table-land of the interior down to the low-lying valley of the Essequibo. The falls are 822 feet in total height, and 370 feet broad. The name Kaieteur signifies in the Indian tongue "Old Man." One of our illustrations

(which are taken from photographs) represents the torrent as seen from above, the other from below.

AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY INSPECTING THE LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART

SOME people are apt to think of Royal Academicians as people who have nothing to do except to paint pictures, or to decide, before the Annual Exhibition, which of other people's pictures shall be selected for hanging. They have, however, other duties to perform. There are the Royal Academy Schools, with a daily attendance of some 250 students, half of whom are ladies. The Academy spends on the teaching of these students, and in the distribution of prizes to them, about 8,000*l.* a year, the education being gratuitous. Besides this, ten of the R.A.'s are told off annually as "visitors." It is their duty to preside for a month at a time, and for a merely nominal stipend, over the instruction of the students in the Upper Painting School. And the Associates often qualify themselves for the duties which they will have to perform when they attain to full Academical honours by voluntarily examining the work done in the various Schools of Art which are now to be found in most of our larger towns. A great deal of unassuming conscientious work is done in this way by the A.R.A.'s. It is easy to understand what solid instruction may be imparted, and what encouragement may be afforded, to beginners by the presence of a man who has won fame by his brush. The scene represented in our engraving took place in the Lambeth School of Art, and the A.R.A. on this occasion spent about two hours, noticing most carefully the points in every work before him, and giving help in each case.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM

See page 466



THE PREMIER evidently does not believe in the speedy abolition of the House of Lords. Besides the elevation of Mr. Dodson to the Peerage, Baronies of the United Kingdom are to be conferred on the Earl of Arran, Viscount de Vesci, who are Irish peers, on Lord Harris, who is a Scotch peer, and on Sir Walter James, who represented Hull from 1837 to 1847.

IF SOME LINES, just published, and attributed to Lord Tennyson, are really his, the Laureate, who voted for the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill, is also among the advocates of compromise. He apostrophises as his "friend" a statesman who is steering at a point where the river "parts in two channels moving to one end." One "goes straightforward to the cataract," the other "streams about the bend." "Though the cataract seem the nearer way," the Poet advises the helmsman to "take the bend."

IN A SPIRIT VERY DIFFERENT TO THIS Mr. John Morley addressed on Wednesday the Birmingham Junior Liberal Association. He protested against any compromise, and declared himself prepared to vote against the existence of a Second Chamber of any kind. According to Mr. Morley "it is pretty well understood" that Lord Salisbury will not reject, but "hang up" the Franchise Bill, until a Redistribution Bill is presented by the Commons. He could well believe, he remarked, that it would be very difficult to procure the assent of the Sovereign to what he called the ordinary way of overcoming the resistance, namely, a creation of Peers.

IT IS NOT LIKELY that the return of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman for the Stirling Burghs will be opposed. The seat for Scarborough, vacant through Mr. Dodson's elevation to the Peerage, is being keenly contested by Colonel Steble on the Liberal and by Sir George Sitwell on the Conservative side. Lord Lonsborough, while calling himself "a strong Liberal," has written a letter very favourable to the Conservative candidate, giving as one of his reasons his belief that Mr. Trevelyan was removed from the Irish Secretaryship in order to gain the Irish vote for the Government. To counteract the effect of this statement, Sir Frederick Milbank, the Liberal member for the North Riding, writes a denial of its truth, and adds that every member of the House must have observed how terribly the harassing work last Session had told on Mr. Trevelyan's health.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON there came off in Hyde Park the long-announced gathering of London working-class organisations to demand the abolition of the House of Lords. The oratory was far less remarkable than the enormous number of persons assembled—the *Times* estimated it at 80,000—and the great orderliness, good temper, and unanimity displayed by the vast multitude. Among the orators were Dr. Pankhurst, the unsuccessful Radical candidate for Manchester, and Miss Jessie Craigen, who has figured several times in police-courts charged with speech-making on Primrose Hill and other public and prohibited places, but who on Sunday found her oratory both tolerated and applauded in the greatest of metropolitan parks.

ON MONDAY SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE completed his hundredth year, and spent his birthday among relatives and friends at Eastcliff, Ramsgate, where he has resided for sixty years. Nearly fifteen hundred letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in on him throughout the day, from all parts of the world, having been preceded by a telegram from the Queen on Saturday, and from the Empress of Germany on Sunday.

RAMSGATE KEPT HOLIDAY on Tuesday in honour of one of its oldest and most generous benefactors. A procession of trades, headed by the Mayors of Ramsgate and adjacent towns, and nearly two miles long, wended its way to Eastcliff, where the Vicar of Ramsgate, as head of a small deputation, presented a congratulatory address to Sir Moses, who acknowledged it in a brief and touching reply. In the evening there was a torchlight procession and a public banquet.

AT A MEETING OF SHIPOWNERS of the Tyne, held at Newcastle on Wednesday, a letter from the Board of Trade was read, communicating a list of the members of the Royal Commission on Shipping. It included the names of the Earl of Aberdeen, who is to be the Chairman, of the Duke of Edinburgh, and of Messrs. Chamberlain, T. C. Baring, Gorst, and Burt among members of the House of Commons. The meeting passed a resolution declaring that as the claims of the owners of cargo-carrying steamers to special representation on the Commission had been ignored, it is not calculated to inspire the confidence of practical shipowners, and expressing a strong objection to Mr. Chamberlain's presence on it.

TOLERABLY CONCLUSIVE, so far as it goes, is much of Mr. Fawcett's reply to the complaint of the Secretary of the London Trades' Council, that he has given a German firm a large order for the manufacturing and printing—in Germany—of post-cards for use in this country. In the first place, it is not the General Post Office, but the Inland Revenue Department, that has to do with the production of our post-cards, and they are furnished by a "firm of private stationers in London," who procure from Germany a great deal of the cardboard of which they are made. The Department could scarcely be expected to dictate to a private firm the quarter from which the raw material of the article which it supplied is to come. On the other hand, it may be asked, Why employ a private firm at all? Why should not the Department

produce its own cards, and receive tenders for cardboard which would give English makers a chance of employment for themselves and their workpeople? Mr. "Otto Hehner, Public Analyst," in a letter to a contemporary says that the German cardboard used for English post-cards may well be cheaper than that of English make, since, having tested some of them, he finds that they contain more than one quarter of their weight of clay, instead of being composed entirely of paper-pulp.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL also maintains that if foreign materials are rejected because they are foreign, other Governments would retaliate, and that English producers would be the losers by retaliation, since he is informed by the private firm in question "that they manufacture a large part of the postage and other stamps which are used by foreign and colonial Governments, and that the amount which is paid away to English workmen engaged in making these stamps, and executing other orders which they receive from foreign and colonial Governments, far exceeds the amount of their purchases from foreign countries." As a matter of curiosity it would be interesting to know how much of this amount is due to orders given by foreign, and how much by colonial, Governments, and which are the chief foreign Governments thus affording employment to British labour. Is one of them the stringently Protectionist Government of the German Empire, from which so much of the raw material of our post-cards is imported?

COMPLAINTS having also been made by representatives of the working classes respecting the purchase of German gunpowder by the War Office, the Director of Army Contracts admits the fact, while explaining that the German gunpowder recently adopted as the best for the English Army is made from a composition that is kept secret, and that though as regards powders the composition of which is known German manufacturers are allowed to compete with English, yet a preference is shown to English makers who can produce the quality required.

AT LAST something is to be done, and forthwith, to supply the much-needed communication between the north and south banks of the Thames below London Bridge. At a special meeting this week the Court of Common Council decided on the immediate construction of a bridge from a point a little east of the Tower to Horsley-down on the opposite bank. The transit of vessels is to be arranged for not by a swing opening, but by a *bascule* or lifting section; and, as the average of vessels passing has not exceeded twenty-three per day during the last twelve months, it is calculated that the bridge traffic will not in any one day be suspended for more than a single hour in all.

WITH THE FORMATION OF SOCIETIES in Edinburgh and Manchester for the promotion of geographical knowledge, it seems to have been thought opportune to give fresh publicity to the existence of the British Commercial Geographical Society, which, as reported in this column at the time, was formed at a Mansion House meeting in July, on the initiative of Commander Cameron, R.N. At another public meeting at the Mansion House this week speeches were made and resolutions carried in support of this Society, the object of which is to collect and diffuse geographical information, with a few to the extension of British trade.

A SHELTER FOR THE RECEPTION of neglected, deserted, and maltreated children, established by the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Lord Shaftesbury is President, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts among the principal promoters, was this week opened in Harpur Street, Holborn.

ON WEDNESDAY the Tichborne Claimant delivered in St. James's Hall a rambling address. Mrs. Weldon spoke in support of his story.

THE LIMERICK TOWN COUNCIL have decided on ignoring the *mandamus* issued against them in the matter of the extra police tax. By a majority of 27 to 5 it was resolved that the Government claim be rejected as unjust and tyrannical. The Irish Executive, it is expected, will proceed against the Members of the Council who have been prominent in resisting the demand, and will have them committed for contempt. But other and more stringent measures must be taken if the money due is to be recovered from the town.

THE DEPRESSION IN THE SHIP-BUILDING TRADE, which has caused so much distress on the Tyne, is producing the same effect on the Clyde, where at Govan great destitution prevails. At Dundee, too, the depression of trade has thrown thousands out of work. Both at Govan and Dundee meetings of the unemployed have been held to urge their claims to relief.

THE STORMS AND GALES at the beginning of the week caused many disasters at sea.—Through a collision off Dungeness between the steamer *St. Jacques* of Havre and the three-masted schooner *Amaranth* of Padstow, the latter sank in a few minutes, and the crew were abandoned to their fate by the steamer, which proceeded up Channel. The captain and one of the crew of six are the only survivors. They clung to some floating wreckage until they were rescued by the boat of a Dover smack.

OUR OBITUARY, one this week unusually brief, records the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, wife of the Bishop of Lincoln, after a lingering illness, aged seventy-three; of Sir Charles Sebright, Her Majesty's Consul-General for the Ionian Islands, at the age of seventy-seven; of Sir Valentine Fleming, formerly Chief Justice of Tasmania, in his seventy-fifth year; and of Mr. E. Maxwell-Grant, *Times* correspondent and American Consul at Belgrade.



PARLIAMENT, in Session now a little over a week, has been comparatively quiet considering the momentous political issues which mark the hour. The House of Lords, with that conspicuous good sense that sometimes marks their proceedings and should be remembered to their credit, adjourned immediately after their meeting, and will not resume business till Monday next. They had nothing to do, and therefore resolved to go home, a sequence which some people will think natural enough, and scarcely worth remark. But it by no means generally applies. The House of Commons, for example, frequently sits hour after hour and day after day when it has nothing to do, or when making the most of some work in hand. There was nothing either in law or precedent to prevent the House of Lords from sitting every night of this week, and making opportunity for speechifying. There were those perennial subjects, the Transvaal, Egypt, and Ireland all at hand, and might have been discussed to whatever length the Lords pleased. They pleased rather to go home, and the week's talk has been exclusively confined to the Lower House.

There was at least one lively speech in the Lords on the opening night, and it was supplied by the Leader of the Opposition. Lord Salisbury's humour is generally of the saturnine kind, wherein it is directly opposed to Lord Granville's. But on Thursday night the characters seemed to be exchanged. Lord Salisbury was as playful as Lord Granville habitually is, though he gave some nasty scratches to Mr. Chamberlain, and did his best to make Lord Durham feel uncomfortable. Still, with his quips and cranks he kept the Peers in a decorous titter throughout his speech. No one

would have imagined, to hear him speak and to see them laugh, that the scarcely-veiled issue nearing decision was the very existence of the House of Lords as a legislative assembly. Earl Granville saw this point, and made it with great effect. The speech of Lord Salisbury was, he said, one of the most lively and facetious he had ever heard. But the noble marquis's humour at the present juncture reminded him of the Minister who on the eve of a war that proved disastrous to his country, entered upon it "with a light heart." "*Absit omen!*" Earl Granville added with unwonted solemnity, and the House suddenly became grave.

The House of Lords met to agree to the Address, and got their work through in time for dinner, with full ten days' holiday behind. The House of Commons is even yet (Friday) engaged upon the same task, albeit there is less than usual material for dragging out the debate. By common consent the question of the Franchise has been relegated to its proper place—when the second reading of the Bill is moved. On the opening night this subject was, of course, mooted, and indeed took a first place in the discussion. But it did not extend over the sitting, and by half-past ten, conversation having flagged, the Speaker rose to put the motion that the Address be agreed to. In times not far remote this course would naturally have been taken. One need not be very old in Parliamentary experience to recall the epoch when, as a matter of course, the Address, not being combated by an amendment by the Leaders of the Opposition, was agreed to on the first night of the Session, the House thereafter getting to business. This was before the advent of the Parnellites, who have changed all that. On Thursday night, when the Speaker was putting the question, Mr. Harrington interposed, introducing the topic of the Maamtrasna murders. Mr. Harrington, it was reported in advance, was prepared with a speech of four hours' duration. That turned out to be an idle boast, and his compatriots must have observed with disappointment the decadence of power that could not carry on, even with the reading of liberal extracts, over a period of two hours. Mr. Harrington's speech was an ill-digested mass of assertions, inferences, and accusations—a chaos of words, unshaped by argument, unlighted by humour, enough of itself to bring about the conviction of a client.

The demand of the Irish Members is that a fresh inquiry shall be opened in the case of the Maamtrasna murders, the chief ground upon which the demand rests being that one of the witnesses, Casey, "the recanting approver," as Mr. Gladstone calls him, who has apparently had a very uncomfortable life since he gave his evidence, now declares that he perjured himself, and deliberately swore away the lives and liberties of the prisoners. The Parnellites, who heard unmoved (or at least without public expression of emotion) of the brutal murder of the hapless family, are now up in arms in behalf of justice, and, incidentally, enjoy the pleasure of safely abusing the Lord Lieutenant. "He's a murderer," Mr. Biggar genially called out on Tuesday night, when Mr. Gladstone launched forth in eulogy of Earl Spencer.

The bearing of the Irish Members throughout this debate has excelled former experience in the way of malignant disorderliness. On Friday Mr. Trevelyan paid a brief visit to the House, his appearance at the table being seized as an opportunity by members on both sides of the House to testify to their appreciation of his personal worth, and to their gratification at his well-deserved promotion to Cabinet rank. The Irish Members, besides themselves with rage at this tribute to a man who, by his inflexible and successful administration in the interests of order, has earned their undying hatred, howled like wild beasts as Mr. Trevelyan stood at the table awaiting an opportunity to speak. Later, when he took part in the debate, he was hailed with a constant shower of contemptuous reproach that made it exceedingly difficult for him to get out three consecutive sentences. The same thing happened on Tuesday night when Mr. Gladstone spoke. The Irish Members, whilst bringing the most atrocious accusations against public men, offending every canon of taste, and even of truth, had been listened to without interruption. It may seem incredible out of doors that a hundred English gentlemen should sit and hear a person like Mr. T. P. O'Connor or Mr. Harrington distinctly and without circumlocution say that Earl Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan were murderers. "The ghost of the murdered Joyce will haunt your pillow," Mr. Healy, with a fine fancy, said on Tuesday night, shaking a forefinger at Mr. Trevelyan. Perhaps a murmur here and there marked the indignation of some impressionable Member. But for the most part this, and much else, through hours of noisy talk, was heard in silence, as people long accustomed to the painful experience might hear the ravings of an irresponsible lunatic.

Whilst claiming and enjoying the right of uninterrupted speech, the Parnellites are not inclined to extend it to others. Mr. Gladstone was frequently stopped by the rowdy cries from the Irish quarter, and the same evening quite another person, Mr. Bulwer, had to appeal to the Speaker for protection against "these indecent Irishmen." The end came half-an-hour after midnight on Tuesday, when the motion for an inquiry was rejected by 214 votes against 48. This left the ground clear for other topics admissible in debate on the Address, and Wednesday afternoon was occupied by discursive talk on affairs in the Transvaal, led off by Sir Henry Holland.

The comedy of the week has been played by Lord Randolph Churchill, whose duel with Mr. Chamberlain came to a head on Thursday. It began on the previous Friday, when, in a smart dialogue, Mr. Chamberlain, without reproach or reproof from the Chair, succeeded in calling Sir Henry Wolf a jackal. On Monday Lord Randolph, with equal dexterity, succeeded in calling the President of the Board of Trade a badger. But even here the credit of this kind of Parliamentary debate belongs to the Irish members, whom Mr. Chamberlain and Lord R. Churchill follow, *longo intervallo*. It was during Mr. Forster's Administration of Ireland that Mr. Healy called the Chief Secretary a crocodile, and Sir Patrick O'Brien has attached for life to Mr. Redmond the mysterious appellation of "the young sea-serpent of County Clare."

THE PROPOSED BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT ATHENS has met with a fair amount of support, and sufficient money is now in hand to build and furnish a suitable house and library in the Greek capital. Additional funds, however, are urgently needed to endow the school.

WE HAVE RECEIVED an admirable photograph of a group of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, surrounded by their family, including their sons and daughters-in-law, and all their grandchildren. The photograph was taken last month by Mr. Watmough Webster, 33, Bridge Street Row, Chester, who is certainly to be congratulated on the faithful manner in which each and all the likenesses have been secured.

"THE ROLL OF THE HUGUENOTS" is the title of a sheet, containing thirty-five emblazoned heraldic devices, the armorial bearings of as many noble and distinguished families of Huguenot refugees, who found an asylum in England during the persecutions for religion. These handsomely and accurately-coloured insignia are accompanied with some particulars of the genealogies, and are still further explained by a small book, or key, giving an account of the families, and specifying their present representative. The compilation is by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, who is herself allied to one of the old and famous families. It need scarcely be said that the list contained in the "Roll" is very incomplete, and the preface mentions that want of space and the difficulty of obtaining information has made it impossible to insert many others. The publisher is Mr. Bernard Quaritch.



A BALLOON CORPS is to be organised for service in India.

THE ELECTRIC SPARK has caused yet another curious fire across the Atlantic. A wire in East Tenth Street, New York, was so hung as to touch the branches of a tree, which it eventually set aflame.

WOLVES ARE APPEARING in considerable numbers in Central France, a sign of a severe winter, according to provincial opinion. As a rule the creatures are most numerous in the eastern provinces, and throughout the whole of France last year 1,308 wolves were killed. The rewards for destroying the animals vary from 8*l.* for a wolf which has attacked a human being to 1*l.* 12*s.* for a cub.

WHAT IS PRINCE BISMARCK'S favourite beverage—beer or wine? was lately the subject of a wager between two Prussians living at Warsaw, who actually applied to the Chancellor himself to settle the bet. The Prince's verdict left them as wise as they were before, for his secretary replied, "His Highness directs me to inform you that you are both in the right, inasmuch as he is equally fond of good wine and good beer, and, with the exception of his sick days, partakes of one as well as the other."

THE NEW ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS of the Ben Nevis Observatory have just been declared open, and the observers are provisioned for their long winter's work. Since the observatory itself was inaugurated a year ago hourly observations have been taken day and night without a single break. Now fresh observing and bed-rooms, a tower for exit during the winter, and for self-registering instruments, and a tourists' shelter are included on the summit of the mountain, the last addition being much needed, as over 2,000 persons ascended Ben Nevis during the past summer.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF HINDU WOMEN is steadily gaining ground in India notwithstanding native prejudices. Thus a High School for girls has been opened at Poona, and already claims some sixty pupils, several of whom are young wives, while the native community show great interest in the movement. The Bombay Presidency, indeed, is decidedly ahead of the other Provinces in this respect, but matters are greatly improving in Madras, where a much larger percentage of girls now attend school than in previous years. A great increase also is noticeable among the Mahomedan female pupils.

THE SCHEME OF SHOOTING NIAGARA FALLS IN AN INDIA-RUBBER BALL, which we mentioned some weeks since, does not seem very promising after the preliminary experiment recently made. The Buffalo painter who originated the mad idea sent the empty ball over the falls on a trial trip before trusting himself as a passenger. The ball passed safely through the rapids below the falls, and went near enough to the Canadian shore to be caught, but on going down further it got into the whirlpool, where it struck a piece of rock, and was instantly dashed to pieces, notwithstanding its thick coating of tarred rope.

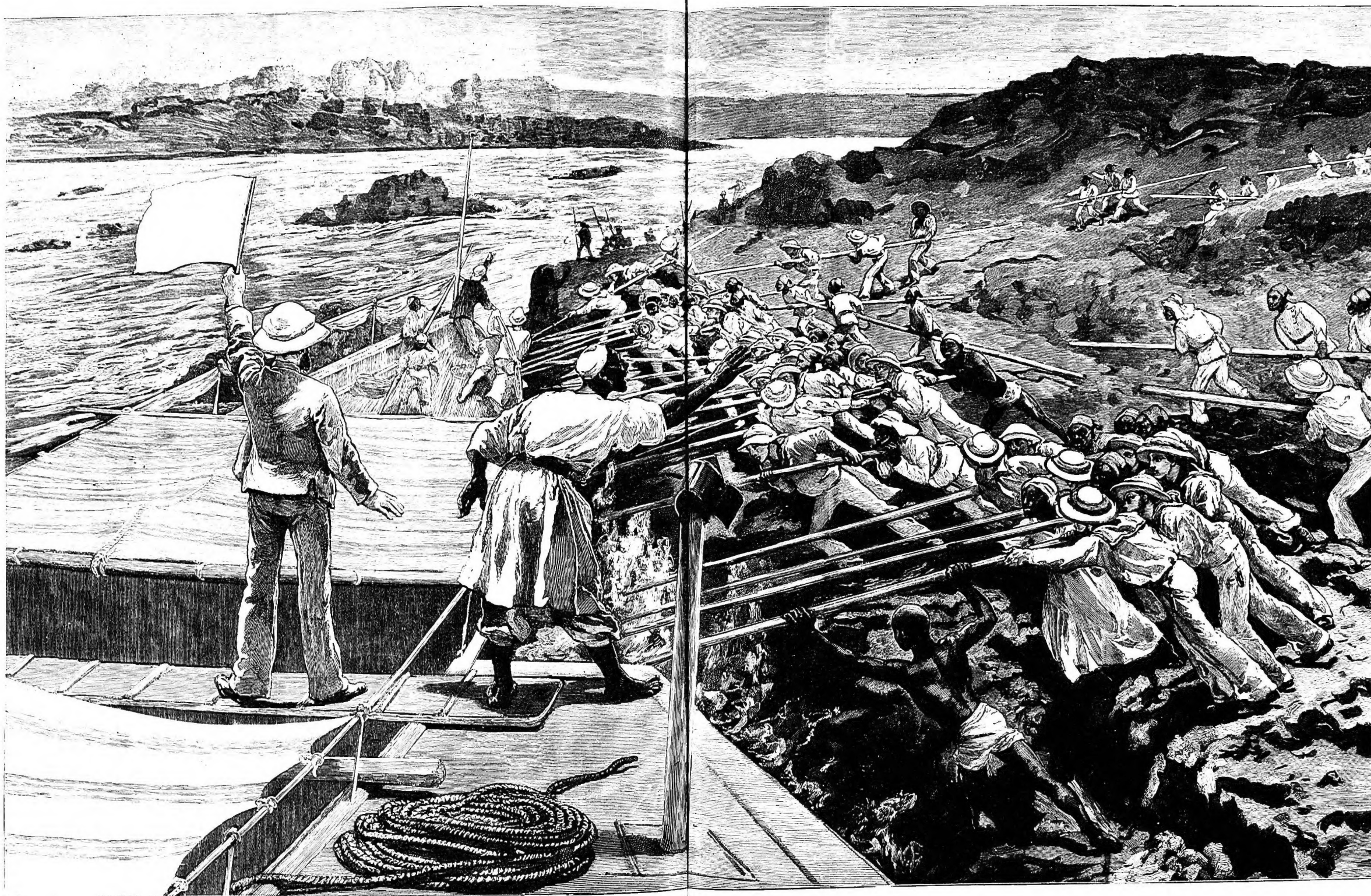
THE PRICE OF A FRENCHMAN'S HEAD is minutely stated in a Chinese proclamation recently issued by the Canton officials to encourage their countrymen against the foe. The value of the prize varies of course with the grade of the slain. Thus 35*l.* will be paid for the head of each common soldier or sailor, and the tariff rises from 17*l.* and a mandariship with the peacock's feather for an inferior officer to 3,500*l.* and a mandariship with the kingfisher's feather for the splendid trophy of a commander-in-chief. Captures of ships and cannon are to be rewarded in similar proportion, and the ingenious Chinaman who can originate a plan leading to the defeat of the French shall be paid 10,500*l.*

A YEAR'S WRECKS ON BRITISH SHORES furnish a melancholy total of 3,654 shipping casualties, according to the *Wreck Register* for the year ending June 30th, 1883. 1,020 persons perished, but nevertheless these statistics are smaller than usual, for 77 fewer lives were lost, while the most serious accidents also diminished, the total wrecks falling to 551 from 606. Excluding collisions, the serious casualties included 21 through defects, 109 through errors, 275 from stress of weather, 124 from the breakdown of machinery, and 52 from other causes. Among the minor damages 89 were due to defects, 191 to errors, 112 to the breakdown of machinery, 1,031 to stress of weather, and 224 to other causes.

CIVILISATION is slowly gaining ground in the Hermit Kingdom, and many national Korean usages are vanishing, thanks to freer intercourse with the more enlightened Japanese. Even the State costumes are altered, for the red gown specially worn during interviews with the King has been replaced by a cheaper and more convenient Japanese dress, while a more important innovation is the abolition of feudal distinctions. Hitherto the feudal spirit has been so strong in Korea that in the favourite game of "go" (chekers) the social rank, and not the skill of the players, determined how the different colours should be assigned. Japanese officials have now been brought over to organise a postal system, and Koreans are to be sent to the Empire to learn telegraphy. There are apparently few rich people in Korea, for the officials have the unpleasant habit of arresting persons of any fortune, and keeping them in prison until heavily bribed to grant release.

TRANSATLANTIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES have a good deal to put up with during the canvass, besides the verbal abuse which fills the journals. Sightseers sorely plague Governor Cleveland, coming merely for a glance at the unlucky candidate; people write from all parts of the States asking for his photograph and his autograph, and bridal couples and school-children appear in shoals, and comment frankly on the Governor's appearance and surroundings. More troublesome visitors are voters asking for situations, wives and mothers seeking pardons or discharges from the Army for their male belongings, or semi-crazy talkers, who give the candidate a lecture on his future policy. All these people have to be admitted, and patiently heard and satisfied, as far as possible, for fear of losing support. Speaking of the coming contest, the feminine candidate for the Presidency, the lady lawyer, Mrs. Belya Lockwood, is much shocked by the recriminations indulged in, and suggests to her fellow-candidates that they should meet together "to enter upon a peaceable armistice, so as to strip the canvass of undignified proceedings."

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,463 deaths were registered against 1,517 during the previous seven days, a decline of 54, being 135 below the average, and at the rate of 190 per 1,000. There were 15 from small-pox (an increase of 5, and 7 above the average), 16 from measles (a rise of 4), 22 from scarlet fever (a decline of 5), 22 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 12 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 3), 12 from enteric fever (a fall of 5), 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever (a rise of 2), 27 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 17), and not one from typhus or simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 274, a decline of 12, and 92 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, 44 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 7 of infants under 1 year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,694 births registered, against 2,812 during the previous week, being 77 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 47.5 deg., and 2.5 deg. below the average.



THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—LORD WOLSELEY'S STEAMER ROUNDING THE BEND IN THE RAPIDS OF THE FIRST CATARACT

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE preparations in Egypt for the advance of the Nile Expedition from Wady Halfa are rapidly approaching completion, and Lord Wolseley has now a force of 6,000 men at his disposal. Huge quantities of commissariat and ordnance stores have been received at the front, and the whole of the rowing boats are expected at Wady Halfa within the next two weeks, when the advance in force will be made. On Tuesday Lord Wolseley and Colonel Swaine left Sarras on a tour of inspection, they reached Dal on Wednesday, and they will go on to Dongola. A rumour has been "officially" contradicted in Cairo that Lord Wolseley has offered the Mudir the Governorship of the Berber district for five years, together with a certain annual subsidy. Further inquiries into the reports of Colonel Stewart's murder tend to confirm the sad news. Sir Charles Wilson has been to Dugiyet and has ascertained that a steam launch had run aground some seventy miles further up the river in the Monasir country, and that all hands were treacherously murdered. The steamer is declared to have been towing two boats, in which there were several women. Another account, professedly from a survivor—one of two who were spared—corroborates this statement, and, moreover, asserts that Colonel Stewart, "a tall man with a light beard," was on board the steamer. To return to the military operations, the steamer *Gizeh* has been wrecked on a rock near Sarras. The Canadian voyageurs laugh at the difficulties presented by the rapids, and are very confident of their power to surmount them. They have brought with them the birch canoe which Lord Wolseley used in the Red River Expedition.

There is no fresh news from Gordon, but his despatches to the Government have now been published. The main facts of them—his request for Zebehr Pasha and for money, and the chief incidents of his military operations—were already known, and he tells Sir Evelyn Baring that the best route for an expedition would be "from Wady Halfa along the right hand of the Nile to Berber," and "had not Berber fallen," he writes, "it would have been a picnic." He has distributed a decoration of three grades, silver gilt, silver, and pewter, amongst the inhabitants of Khartoum, school-children and women being among the recipients, has issued a large amount of paper money, and has borrowed considerably from the native merchants. With regard to the question telegraphed by Sir Evelyn Baring in May, asking why he remained in Khartoum, when he knew that the Government intended to abandon the Soudan, he replies, "I stay at Khartoum because the Arabs have shut us in, and will not let us out. I also add that, even if the road was opened, the people would not let us go unless I gave them some government, or took them with me, which I could not do. No one would leave more willingly than I were it possible." Together with these despatches are published the official instructions to Lord Wolseley as to the Expedition, "the primary object of which is to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum. When that object is secured," the General is told, "no further offensive operations of any kind are to be undertaken." Moreover, the advance to Khartoum is not to be made unless it is absolutely necessary, and no steps are to be taken for the relief of the garrisons in Darfour and Bahr el Gazelle, or even of Senaar. Respecting the future government of Khartoum, Lord Wolseley is authorised to negotiate with any chief or chiefs who would for a subsidy manage the internal administration, wholly independent of Egypt, under the conditions that peace should be maintained in Egypt, and all raids on Egyptian territory rigorously repressed, that trade with Egypt should be encouraged, and that the slave trade should be prevented as far as possible.

IN FRANCE M. Ferry has decided to send out strong reinforcements to Tonkin, and a force of 7,000 men is to be despatched by November 15th to join the troops under General Briere de l'Isle and Admiral Courbet. The former will then make a determined effort to drive the Chinese out of Tonkin and across their own border, while the latter will occupy the northern frontier of Formosa, whose coasts the French Government have now officially declared in a state of blockade. Meanwhile it is authoritatively stated that England has offered to mediate between France and China. The chief Parliamentary subject has been the Tonkin Vote of Credit, and the greatest curiosity has been expressed as to the statements made by the Premier before the Committee, and concerning which the greatest secrecy has been observed. Another political topic has been the debate in the Senate on the Recidivist Bill, which has passed the First Reading with the alteration of the Clause in which the various Colonies are specified in which penal settlements are to be established. No special colony is now named, so that it is hoped that New Caledonia will not be the chief spot selected for the export of the scum of the French criminal population. The Senate has also been discussing the Bill for its own reform, and the Committee have reported against election by universal suffrage, and, while proposing the abolition of Life Senators, oppose the proposition that they shall be succeeded by Senators chosen by the Upper and Lower House in congress. Financial matters are as much strained as ever, and the deficit will probably be made up by Treasury loans. Retrenchments, however, are to be made in the War, Education, Public Works, and Finance departments. Much alarm has been excited by an outbreak of cholera at Yport, a small seaport town near Fécamp, of insalubrious reputation, and where the epidemic of 1873 first showed itself. The disease was brought by some sailors from the Mediterranean, and there have been seventeen cases, nine of whom have died. The epidemic does not seem to have spread, but all French harbours from Cherbourg to Dieppe are now declared infected ports by the Italian, Belgian, Dutch, Swedish, and Norwegian Governments.

GERMANY has been in the throes of a General Election, in which, considerably to their surprise, the Progressists have lost heavily—the Social Democratic candidates being singularly successful. This is particularly the case at Berlin, where only one Progressist has been elected against six who carried the poll in 1881. There are a larger number than usual of fresh pollings, which will probably result in the defeat of the Progressists, owing to a coalition between the Conservatives and Socialists. In Alsace and Lorraine the anti-annexation candidates have been returned by large majorities. The succession of the late Duke of Brunswick (whose funeral is elsewhere described) has been another burning topic. The Duke of Cumberland has published a proclamation to the Brunswickers, announcing that he assumes the reins of Government, and has written to the German Emperor to the same effect, sending the letter by Count Grote to Berlin. The Emperor refused to receive either the messenger or his missive, while the Council of Regency have declined to countersign and publish the Duke's proclamation, as he requests, and have replied that the contingency provided for by the Regency Law had arisen, and that the Council had accordingly been constituted. The Emperor has sent a special message of approval to the Council, and assured the members that the future of the Duchy would be arranged constitutionally. The Brunswick Diet, specially convoked on the Duke's death, has also signified its approval of the Council's attitude. Besides providing for the government of Brunswick, Prince Bismarck

has also taken possession of the Presidency of Oels, and all the other feudal and allodial possessions of the late Duke in Silesia.

The reconstituted Prussian Council of State was duly opened by the Crown Prince on Saturday, in which he announced that the functions of that body would be to examine Bills before they were introduced into Parliament, to consider their expediency, and to decide whether they were in harmony with existing legislation, while the Council would also undertake the preliminary consideration of important administrative measures. The first subjects to be taken in hand will be the question of insurance of workmen against accident, the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks, and the subvention of steamship companies. There is nothing new about the Congo Conference save that it will probably meet on the 6th or 9th inst.; but it is encouraging to hear that Sir Edward Malet has made a good impression in Berlin, and that Prince Bismarck wishes to continue with him the good relations which he enjoyed with his predecessor.

IN INDIA General Tanner and his Zhoib Valley Expedition had a sharp encounter with the Kakar Pathans on October 24th. A body of the enemy were discovered the previous day in a strong position near Akhtarza, and refused to surrender. General Tanner accordingly attacked and defeated them, inflicting a loss of fifty-six killed—the British casualties amounting to two native officers and three men wounded.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the political crisis in BELGIUM has resulted in the resignation of M. Malou and his Ministry, and the formation of a conciliation Cabinet under M. Beernaert.—IN HOLLAND the general elections have resulted in a decided victory for the Liberals.—IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the chief interest has been centred in the meeting of the Delegations at Pesth. In his speech to them the Emperor this time did not leave out Russia when alluding to the recent Imperial meeting, but spoke of the "complete understanding between the three monarchs and their governments in view of maintaining and securing the basis of peace and tranquillity so necessary for the good of their subjects."—FROM RUSSIA we hear that only two of the condemned Nihilists were executed on the 22nd ult. Lieut. Rogatcheff and Naval Lieut. Stromberg—the other prisoners, including the two women, being sent to Siberia. A new Central Asian Railway is being discussed to connect Kizil Arvat, Askabad, Merv, Burdalyk, Samarcand, and Tashkend.—IN ITALY the cholera epidemic is rapidly abating, the deaths at Naples being six, and the cases nine on Tuesday.—IN THE UNITED STATES the Presidential canvass continues to be the all-absorbing topic. Mr. Blaine has finished his electioneering trip, having in six weeks travelled 9,000 miles, and having made from ten to twenty-nine speeches daily.



THE QUEEN entertained the Earl and Countess of Dufferin at Balmoral for a few days last week. Her Majesty's visitors left on Saturday afternoon, when the Queen drove to the Linn of Muich with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. Next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and on Monday Dr. Reid arrived at the Castle. The Duchess of Albany and her children left on Tuesday for the South, being accompanied to Ballater by Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, although the weather was exceedingly stormy, and the gale then blowing was the worst known in the district for many years.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and subsequently entertained Princess Louise at lunch, while later in the day the Princess of Wales' youngest brother, Prince Waldemar, arrived on a short visit. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Waldemar, on Monday visited the studios of Mr. Boehm and Mr. Sydney Hall, and the Prince of Wales received Lord Suffield on his return from the funerals of the Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hesse. On Tuesday the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess, while the Prince attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and in the evening left for Babraham Hall, Cambridge, to stay with the Earl of Cadogan. On Wednesday Prince Waldemar rejoined his ship at Dover. The Princess of Wales with the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud visited Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. The Prince shot over Lord Cadogan's preserves during his visit, and was expected to return to Marlborough House at the end of the week. Next Tuesday the Prince and Princess stay with Lord and Lady Carington at Wycombe Abbey, Bucks, until the following Friday. The Prince intends to sell freehold sites in the Duchy of Cornwall for building purposes instead, as formerly, of solely letting land on lease.

The Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at Gibraltar with the Channel Squadron. The Duchess remains at Eastwell for the present, and spent a day last week at Sheerness Dockyard, lunching with Admiral and Mrs. Rice.—Princess Christian visits Brighton on Wednesday to open a bazaar in aid of Mrs. Vicars' Convalescent Home.—Princess Louise and her husband have returned to town from the Continent, travelling *via* Flushing and Queenborough. The Princess spent the latter part of her visit in the Tyrol with the German Crown Prince and Princess.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught conclude their Cashmere tour next week, and return to India *via* Jummoo. Although the Duke and Duchess's visit is strictly private, they have been entertained in Royal style by the Maharajah, who preserved some of the best *mullahs* in the Sind Valley for the Duke's sport. The Royal party would merely pass through Srinagar, and go straight to the *mullahs*.—The Duchess of Cumberland, the Princess of Wales's youngest sister, escaped a dangerous accident when recently following a shooting party near Gmunden. Her horse fell through a wooden bridge over a mountain stream, and the Duchess was thrown into the bed of the stream under the horse, but fortunately only sustained slight injury.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD have made arrangements for holding in the eastern portion of the London Diocese a mission, described as "an effort to help the people of this great city to serve God better." It will begin on November 15, and be continued for ten days. Next February its operations will be extended to the western portions of the Diocese.

A PROPOSAL HAS BEEN MADE, exciting some interest among Churchmen, and producing some discussion in the Press, to abolish

the office of Dean, or at least to deprive it of its emoluments, and to apply the 50,000*l.* a year thus acquired to such ecclesiastical purposes as the extension of the episcopate.

AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, held at Brighton this week, an account was given of its satisfactory progress, and especially of the success of its arrangements for the universal Week of Prayer in the January of each year.

ON SUNDAY a crowd of worshippers, including, it is said, a "strong body of Nonconformists," flocked to overflowing the City church of St. George's, Botolph Lane, of which the incumbent is the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, the *protégé* and staunch supporter of the policy, in Church and State, of Mr. Gladstone, who recently rewarded his varied services by bestowing on him a canonry at Ripon. The cause of this unwonted throng in a City church was not merely the re-opening of the edifice, but the appearance in its pulpit of the Premier's son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the Rector of Hawarden. It does not appear that on this occasion, as often happens at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone aided his son's ministrations by reading the Lessons.

IN HIS SECOND OXFORD LECTURE on "The Pleasures of England," Mr. Ruskin waxed indignantly eloquent on the late Dean Stanley's description of many of the ecclesiastical legends of the Middle Ages as displaying a "union of innocent fiction with worldly craft." "Legends," Mr. Ruskin said, "are not fictions at all, but are the true records of impressions brought into bright form by action." He told his hearers that unless they exchanged the luxuries of modern existence for the life led in Christian ages by our "rough-fell and rough-bred forefathers," they could not "judge of the visions or legends that resulted from it." "Do," he said, "what King after King of them did—put rough shoes on your feet, and walk to Rome, sleeping by the road-side when it is fine, and in the first outhouse you can find when it is wet, live as you travel on onions and water, and then see if you will be inclined to believe those who tell you that your experiences by the way are either poetry or fiction."

CARDINAL NEWMAN contradicts the disparaging account of his tutorial *regime* at Oxford given in Lord Malmesbury's "Autobiography." "If," the Cardinal says, "I was as cowardly as he represents, I never ought to have been a college tutor."

ON SUNDAY, in all the synagogues of the British Empire, as generally throughout the world, there were special services in celebration of the hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore, the secular celebration of which is referred to in our "Home" column. The principal London service was in the synagogue at Bevis Marks, attended by several Jewish notabilities and by the Lord Mayor, where the son of the Chief Rabbi, the Rev. Hermann Adler, preached a sermon eulogistic of Sir Moses from the rather happily-chosen text, "And it came to pass that when Moses held up his hands Israel prevailed."

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE, who has been suffering from illness, is resuming his ministrations at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, which has been closed for three months.



HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—The most important of the many rumours which have been current in regard to Italian opera have now been confirmed, and an almost complete shuffle of the operatic cards seems to have taken place. Before he sailed for the United States last Thursday Mr. J. H. Mapleson settled the details of an arrangement by which he hopes to hire Drury Lane Theatre from Mr. Augustus Harris for a season beginning on June 6th. We have reason to believe that the following engagements have been made, or are in an advanced state towards conclusion, viz., sopranos: Mesdames Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, and Marie Røze, Mdle. Dotti, Miss Emma Nevada, Mdles. Ida Riccetti and Maria Cavelli (the last two being *débütantes*); contraltos: Mdles. Steinbach and Saruggia (both new comers), Mesdames Lablache and Scalchi; tenors: MM. Tamagno, Talazac, Cardinali, Bassetti, Bicoletto, Vicini, Rinaldini, and Nicolini; baritones: MM. de Anna, Vaselli, Pruetti, and de Pasqualis; and basses, MM. Vaschetti, Cherubini, Manni, and Caracciolo; and conductor, Signor Arliti. For Madame Patti will be announced *Don Pasquale*, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Crispino e la Comare*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. For Madame Christine Nilsson, should arrangements with that artist be concluded, will be announced *Fidelio* (her first appearance as Leonora), *Lohengrin*, and Halévy's long unheard opera, *La Juive*. For Madame Marie Røze will be announced M. Massenet's *Manon* in the original French; and for Miss Nevada M. Gounod's *Mirella*, and M. Delibes' new opera, *Lakmé*. Operatic promises and prospects must always of course be taken with a grain of faith. But by making his arrangements so far ahead, Mr. Mapleson has very characteristically signified the resumption of his duties as a London *impresario*.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The first of the Richter Autumn Concerts was given on Tuesday, when every part of St. James's Hall was filled with people assembled to listen to a programme formed of the great Symphony in C of Schubert and a selection from some of Wagner's most advanced works. This fact is not without interest, for it conclusively proves that Wagnerian music will draw large audiences even to the costliest concerts in London. Of the Schubert Symphony it need only be said that the performance was excellent. It is, however, in Wagner's music that Herr Richter is heard at his best. The selection from *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is that made, we believe, by Herr Richter himself, with Wagner's consent, and it includes the scene in which Siegfried passes through the fire to the sleeping Brünnhilde, the scene of daybreak, and the second passage through the flames to the Gibichungs' Hall. These three selections, with the "Funeral March," which closed the first part, comprise nearly all the chief *motifs* of the *Ring*, and they have been not inaptly described as "a selection of popular melodies" from the four-night opera. The programme also included the prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger* and a marvellously fine performance of the *Tannhäuser* prelude.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The 27th annual season of the Popular Concerts began last Monday. The programme, as is usual on such occasions, was composed of standard works. The repertory of music of the great classical masters is now so large that the director has few opportunities of introducing any novelties. Such new works as are performed from time to time are usually the choice of one of the artists. The plan is not without its merits and its defects. To the initiative of Herr Joachim, who advised the production of his sextet and other chamber works at these concerts, we owe the first general recognition of the talent of Anton Dvorak. On the other hand, English music is rarely or never heard at concerts where nearly all the executants are foreigners; while the French and the advanced German Schools are, perhaps with greater reason, equally neglected. That by adopting the course he actually follows, the director acts in accordance with the wishes of his supporters is, however, obvious by the stall subscription, which year by year increases, and by the continued patronage of the great body of shilling amateurs and veritable connoisseurs, who have always been the backbone of

the Popular Concerts. The programme on Monday included the familiar quartett in E flat, known as the *Harpen-Quartett* of Beethoven, played by Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Holländer, and Piatti; Beethoven's variations on "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu," and a violin sonata in A minor by Tartini, performed by Madame Néruda, who for an encore played an adagio by Spohr. Herr Barth, the well-known professor of Berlin, was the pianist; but Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* suited his style far less than Chopin's Nocturne in F, Op. 15, No. 1, which he played as an encore. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the vocalist, was unable to appear, and his place was taken by Mdlle. Barbi, the titles of whose songs were not announced. But many of the audience would have had little difficulty in recognising the aria "Per la gloria," by Handel's ignominious rival, Buononcini, and the far more acceptable "Dein ist mein Herz" and "Trockene Blumen" of Schubert. It may be added that Herr Joachim will not appear till February 14, until when Madame Néruda will, with the exception of November 8, be first violin. Three new pianists—Mr. Max Pauer, a son of the esteemed professor, Mdlle. Marie Fromm, and Mdlle. Kleeberg—will appear in the course of the season.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Saturday's programme included Schubert's Symphony in C, besides the first song and the two orchestral movements, "Spring Morning on Lebanon," and "Sleep," from Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*. Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, a lady of the Jewish persuasion, from Paris, performed Beethoven's E flat Concerto. Mdlle. Kleeberg eighteen months ago made a single appearance here. But she has since much improved, and without, perhaps, being a great pianist, she was found to be an excellent player. At first she was obviously nervous, but she played the rondo finale of the concerto admirably. We are, however, to have further opportunities of hearing the young lady, both at the Crystal Palace and at the Monday Popular Concerts. As to the Schubert Symphony, Mr. Manns on Saturday took the finale somewhat slower than usual, not without enhancing its effect. The performance of this veritable masterpiece on Saturday was one of the finest ever heard in London.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Bennett's adaptation of Massenet's *Manon* will be produced by the Carl Rosa troupe at Liverpool, November 21st. Madame Marie Rôze will be Manon, and Mr. McGuckin Des Grieux; Misses Bensberg, Perry, and Burton, Messrs. Ludwig, Lyall, Burgon, and Crotty also being in the cast. The first performance in London of *The Rose of Sharon* will be given by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday next, with the Norwich artists, the composer conducting.—Madame Christine Nilsson was announced to sing in the *Messiah* at St. James's Hall on Thursday. This was the first of an extended series of concerts to be given by Madame Nilsson in London and the provinces.—The Opera Season at Her Majesty's will be opened by Mr. Samuel Hayes on Tuesday. Mdlle. Marimon has been engaged instead of Mdlle. Donadio, and Mr. Betjemann and Signor Bottesini will share the duties of conductor.—A new oratorio, entitled *Asariah*, by the Rev. Marcus Hart, described as the first minister of the Great Synagogue, London, was produced at Glasgow last week.—Concerts, for the further details of which we have no space, have been given by Miss Maud Cameron, the Owl Club, Mdlle. Carlotta Desvignes, Mr. W. Abbott, the Jewish Working Men's Club, the Royal Academy students, and others.—A full rehearsal of *Parsifal* will be given at the Albert Hall next Saturday, and the first public performance is fixed for the 10th. The London leaders of the Wagner party are stoutly, although surely without cause, opposing the performance of a condensed version, in oratorio form, of Wagner's semi-religious opera.—A stringed orchestra, consisting of fifty-two male and female students of the Guildhall School of Music, will give a concert this afternoon. Wuerst's "Russian" Suite, and Dvorák's Suite in E will be produced.—Both the oratorio and the classical programmes at the Promenade Concerts have wisely been abandoned.



THE TURF.—The concluding days of the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket were attended by most lovely autumnal weather, neither too hot nor too cold, and the racing sustained its interest to the end. In the Free Handicap Sweepstakes St. Gatten continued his victorious career by giving the Duke of Richmond 3 lbs. and beating him easily enough, and on the last day, in the Jockey Club Cup at even weights, he made mincemeat of Archiduc. He has now won some seven races off the reel, and like St. Simon holds an unbeaten certificate. It is said that one of Her Majesty's judges on the Heath observed that a match over the Rowley Mile between the two unbeaten Saints would be one of the most exciting races of modern days, but that he should be almost sorry to witness it, as one of the horses would necessarily forfeit his unbeaten record. One of the surprises of the meeting was the victory of Mearns over St. Helena and Kingwood and four others in the Cheveley Stakes. The winner is not entered in any of the classic races of next season. By the way, it seems not improbable that, after the fashion of some years ago, we shall have some regular Derby speculation before Christmas. The Casuistry colt (who might be fairly named Casuist), since winning the Dewhurst Plate has been backed as first favourite at 8 to 1, and Naintrailes at 12, while Melton, the Middle Park winner, has figured at the same rate. Kingwood, too, notwithstanding his defeat just mentioned, has been backed.—At a meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, Mr. L. de Rothschild drew attention to the large number of races won by a few of the heavy-weight jockeys, who seem almost to farm the winning mounts, and suggested that more races should be framed with a lower maximum weight. It is a difficult question, as it would seem to involve a lowering of the minimum weight, which is much to be deprecated, as even now a lot of the riding boys cannot do justice to their mounts.—Custance, the famous ex-jockey, was again entrusted with the starter's flag in some of the races at Newmarket.—Lord Falmouth has several yearlings under the charge of M. Dawson, a fact which has been hailed with much pleasure as an indication that his lordship intends to resume, to some extent at least, an active part on the Turf.—The acceptances for the Liverpool Cup have been published, for which the top weight, Thebais, has been made first favourite, with Sweetbread and Stockholm next in demand.—There has been plenty of racing this week, Leicester, Brighton, Lewes, and Lincoln being the trysting-places. At the first-named, King Monmouth, carrying the highest weight, 8st. 12 lbs., beat a field of sixteen with ease, and it is a matter for regret that Mr. J. Lowther's colt is not nominated for the Derby. Energy continues to show high-class form, and in the Chetwynd Plate, on the second day, carrying 10st., beat a field of ten.

COURSING.—There have recently been a large number of meetings in all directions, and the supply of fur is evidently good in quantity and quality. At Kempton Park Enclosed Meeting, Mr. H. G. Miller divided no less than four eight-dog stakes.

SHOOTING.—Reports of large miscellaneous bags of game come in from all quarters. On Mr. Price's shooting at Rhiwlas, Bala, the nine guns have got 6,102 head in four days; but to this total the "lunny rabbit" contributed largely.—The deer-stalking season is

virtually over, and a grand season it has been, though the heads have not been quite as good as in former years. Glenstrathfarar Forest has yielded to Mr. Winans 151 stags, and in the late Sir Gilbert Scot's forest, North Harris, 137 have been accounted for.

ATHLETICS.—The season of the London Athletic Club has closed with the Second Autumn Meeting. The One Mile Challenge Cup was won by J. A. P. Clarke, in 4 min. 45 1-5th sec.; and the One Mile Open Walking by R. Coombes. The Three Miles Open Handicap was won by E. C. Carter, of the Finchley Harriers, from scratch, in the fast time of 14 min. 51 4-5th sec. The Two Miles Members' Bicycle race was won easily by G. Lacy Hillier (scratch) in the good time of 6 min. 1 1-5th sec.—At a recent meeting of the Football Association it was determined to organise a testimonial to Mr. W. G. George, on his retirement from the cinder-path in this country.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Cup contest progresses, but no very important matches have been played since our last Notes.—For the London Association Cup the Old Etonians have beaten the Olympians, Grove House the Brixton Rangers, and Hotspur the Old Foresters.—In Association games Birmingham has beaten Sheffield, while Aston Villa and Derby Midland, and Oxford University and Brentwood, have played drawn games.



UNDER THE NEW ARRANGEMENT, the Courts of Law opened for the first time on the 24th of October, a week earlier than the customary day for the commencement of the Michaelmas sittings. In the business set down for the Common Law Courts or Queen's Bench Division there is more than ever observable the steady growth of the preference of litigants for trials without juries. In that division the causes, 586, entered for trials without juries were actually more numerous than those, 532, entered for trial with juries.

WHETHER 6,000l. a year is or is not sufficient for the maintenance of the young Marquis Camden, a boy of twelve, besides defraying the cost of keeping up the family mansion and grounds of Bayham Abbey, was a question which came before the Chancery Division on an application from the Marquis's guardians to raise the allowance to 8,000l. a year. Mr. Justice Pearson refused the application, being of opinion that no case had been made out justifying the increase, but it could be renewed, he said, when an enlarged expenditure might be necessary on Lord Camden being sent to school and college.

A CITIZEN OF NOTTINGHAM left legacies to the Sacred Harmonic Society, the School of Art, and the Castle Museum, all in that town. As the legacies were payable out of the testator's real estate, or out of personal estate savouring of realty, their legality was contested by his representatives on the ground that these institutions, being charities were debarred under the Mortmain Act from enjoying the bequests. In the Chancery Division Mr. Justice Chitty decided that the Harmonic Society, consisting as it did of private persons, could not be called a charity, simply because it aimed at diffusing a taste for music, and was entitled to receive its legacy; while the School of Art and the Castle Museum being clearly public institutions not coming within the scope of the recent statutes exempting certain charities from mortmain disabilities, they could not take the benefits intended for them.

THE THAMES CONSERVANCY do really seem to be exerting themselves a little to check the nuisance of reckless navigation by steam-launches in the upper reaches of the river. They have succeeded in procuring at the Sunbury Sessions the conviction of a waterman in charge of a steam-launch, who amused himself by zig-zagging his craft between the two banks of the river, deliberately running against a fisherman's punt moored near Walton Bridge, and then without stopping proceeded on his course, rejoicing at having done what injury he could to the punt and its unfortunate piscatory occupier, who was knocked down, the water of the propeller going over him. On board the launch were "thirty ladies and gentlemen singing to the accompaniment of a fiddle." The delinquent was fined 5l.

THE PROCEEDINGS both of the Salvationists and their antagonists were severely animadverted on by Mr. Justice Manisty in his charge to the Grand Jury at the opening of the Kent and Sussex Assizes at Maidstone, and in reference to cases in the Calendar of rioting and wounding at Worthing and New Shoreham arising out of those proceedings. While admitting the goodness of the motives by which the Salvationists are animated, he condemned a mode of proceeding fraught with results which, compared with those which they sought, were "perfectly shocking." At the same time interference with them by force and violence was not to be tolerated. The law was quite strong enough to prevent scandalous and vexatious processions. True bills were found against all the prisoners.

IF A POLICEMAN'S IS NOT A HAPPY LIFE, its infelicity is occasionally relieved by episodes of brightness. Constables Chamberlain and Miller have this week been presented, from a fund subscribed for the purpose in North London, the former with 140l., the latter with 35l., for their courage in the attempt to arrest the two armed offenders recently sentenced to penal servitude for burglary and shooting the police in Hoxton.



THE REOPENING of the HAYMARKET Theatre is now fixed for Saturday next. As already announced, *Diplomacy* will be revived on that occasion, with Miss Calhoun in the part of the heroine. Mrs. Bancroft's part, Countess Zieka, will now be assigned to Mrs. Bernard-Beere, the former lady preferring the character of Lady Henry Lennox. Mr. Brookfield will play Baron Stein, originally represented by Mr. Arthur Cecil.

There appears to be some likelihood of the appearance of the Haymarket company in a version of M. Sardou's *Theodora*, which is shortly to be produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The assumption by Mr. Bancroft of the *tega virilis* will be an interesting incident in stage annals. It does not of course follow that this excellent actor, who is unapproached in his own somewhat different way, will attempt to assume the majestic port and sententious utterance of John Kemble. Mrs. Bancroft, we are quite sure, would on her part wear the elegant stole and *circumdata palla* with becoming grace, if with a hint here and there in her tone and manner of these much later times. We need hardly say that Mrs. Bernard-Beere would clearly make a majestic and handsome representative of the wicked but fascinating wife of the Emperor Justinian. *Theodora* is understood to be a spectacular as well as melodramatic play; and altogether its production on the Haymarket stage would mark what it is the fashion to call a "new departure" in the annals of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's management. That it

would prove a success, if the play is a strong one, there can be little doubt. The wise prophets who predicted failure whenever these clever and experienced managers should forsake the gentle paths of Robertsonian comedy have indeed already been triumphantly answered. The action of *Theodora* passes in Constantinople in the sixth century of the Christian era. Its eight tableaux comprise a hall in the Imperial palace, two halls supposed to be under the Hippodrome, the interior of the house of a citizen of Constantinople, and the Cabinet of the Emperor. The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft intend at the close of the coming season to retire from management will occasion, we are sure, very general regret.

The studious and magnificent revival of *Hamlet* at the PRINCESS'S Theatre has proved an extraordinary success. Numbers of visitors are nightly unable to gain admission, and it is officially stated that the booking of numbered seats "extends into the fifth week." It has not, we believe, been observed that the elaborate mounting of the play has not necessitated in any case a "wait" of more than seven minutes between acts. In two instances the interval is only five minutes. Yet the time occupied in representation is about three hours and twenty-five minutes. This is a sufficient answer to the complaint that the stage version omits passages of dialogue, and, like all other acting copies, suppresses altogether the Fortinbras incident. It has been calculated that the mere delivery of the whole text would occupy four hours and a half. There is good reason to doubt whether the entire play was ever represented.

Romeo and Juliet, which is to be revived this evening at the LYCEUM on a scale of great splendour, is of more manageable length, the number of its lines being only two-thirds as many as those of *Hamlet*. If we might take literally an allusion in the prologue, it was considered in Shakespeare's days to occupy in representation two hours only. This may probably allow for what are called "cuts;" but the truth is that "two hours" was a conventional expression for the duration of a dramatic performance, and was probably equivalent, when used by the players, to the modest "shan't detain you long" of different orators. It is often met with in this sense in contemporary writers. "Two short hours," says the prologue to *Henry VIII.*

An Australian company of performers, among whom Mr. George Darrell is the leading spirit, have taken possession of the GRAND Theatre, Islington, where they appear in an "Australian drama," entitled *The Sunny South*. The play, of which Mr. Darrell is the author, bears considerable resemblance to an old form of Adelphi melodrama. All the *dramatis persone* who appear in the opening in England are subsequently found in New South Wales, where they encounter many strange accidents and vicissitudes of fortune. Mr. Darrell acts the part of the hero in the broad, effective style appropriate to this sort of piece, and is well supported by his company. The play seems to please Islington audiences.

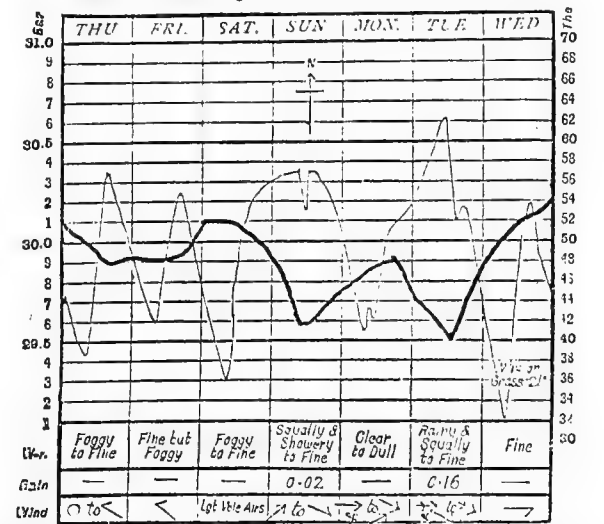
Just in Time is the title of the new drama which Mr. Burnand has written for the AVENUE Theatre. It is in a prologue and three acts, and will be produced on Thursday next, with Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, in a leading part. Mr. W. Farren, Miss Eva Sothorn, Mr. William Rignold, Mr. T. Hawley, Mr. R. Soutar, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Grace Arnold, and Miss Louise Henschel will also take part in the performance.

A company of children are being trained to appear at Christmas in *matinées* only, at the SAVOY Theatre, in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*.

Mr. Samuel Brandram, accompanied by his eldest son, was to leave Liverpool by the *Umbria* for America this day, November 1st, returning to England towards the end of the year. During Mr. S. Brandram's stay in America he will give twenty-four recitals.

A somewhat unusual show which began at the OLYMPIC Theatre last Saturday, came to an end with a morning performance on Wednesday. It consisted in the exhibition upon the stage of what appeared to be a very carefully executed model of the City and Temple of Jerusalem. Upon this an explanatory lecture was delivered by an elderly gentleman with no marked oratorical gifts. Lively operatic music, excellently played by a capital orchestra under Mr. Hamilton Clarke, was introduced at intervals in the course of the lecture. Such an entertainment, with sacred instead of secular music, might obtain a certain success at Exeter Hall; at the Olympic Theatre its very brief run shows that it was distinctly out of place.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM OCTOBER 23 TO OCTOBER 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands (except in the extreme west and north-west) during the early days of the past week was quiet, fine, and dry, but subsequently rough and unsettled conditions were experienced very generally. In the course of the first three days of the period a depression passed outside our western and north-western coasts in a northerly and north-easterly direction, keeping the weather there in a rough and rainy state, but over England the conditions were either fair or fine, with fog or mist at night or early morning. By Sunday morning (26th ult.) a decided change in the type of weather had set in over the whole country, occasioned by the advance to our northern shores from the Atlantic of a very deep depression going in a north-easterly direction. During Saturday night (25th inst.) its effect on the mercuial column became very well marked (see accompanying diagram), especially in the north, where the fall between 8 A.M. and 10 P.M. on Saturday (25th ult.) exceeded three-quarters of an inch. Gales of considerable strength were experienced nearly all over the country, first from south-west in the north and, as the depression moved away easterly, veering to the westward and north-westward generally, while rainfall occurred nearly everywhere. As this disturbance passed on to Scandinavia pressure increased rapidly, temperature fell, and the sky cleared, but the winds remained high and squally. During Monday night (27th ult.) a fresh and deep depression advanced across Scotland from the westward in an easterly direction, and a return of unsettled weather, with northerly gales in the north and westerly gales in the south, was experienced, attended by rain at most places, hail at several, and snow at Wick. In its rear the barometer rose quickly, and at the close of the week fair weather prevailed generally. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (25th ult.); lowest (29.50 inches) on Tuesday (28th ult.); range, 0.70 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Tuesday (28th ult.); lowest (32°) on Wednesday (26th ult.); range, 30°. Rain fell on two days. Total fall, 1.32 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.76 inches on Tuesday (28th ult.).

THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

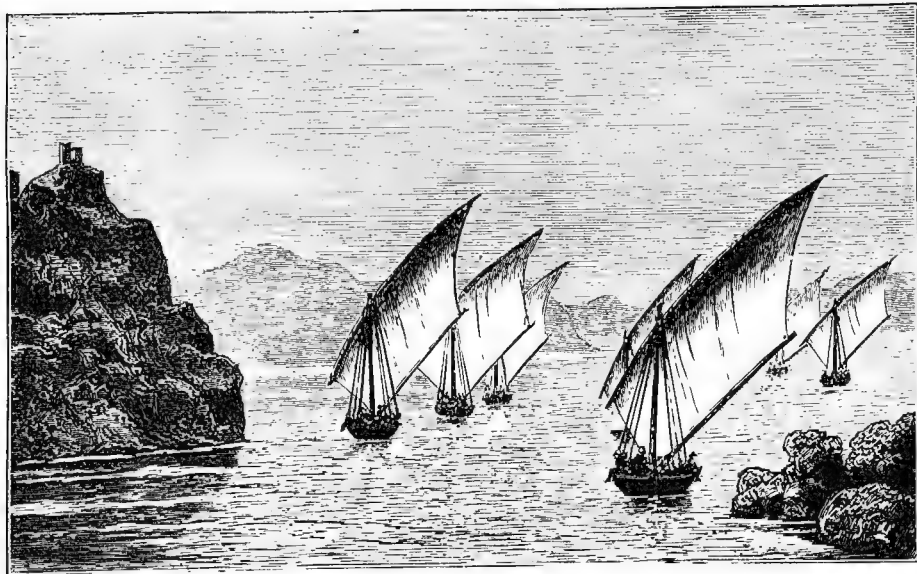
WILLIAM DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, who died at the Castle of Sibyllenort, near Breslau, on October 18th, was born in 1806, and was the son of Duke Frederick William, and the grandson of Duke Charles William, who married the Princess Augusta, sister of George III. Duke Frederick William was killed at Quatre Bras, and on his death his two sons, the late Duke and his elder brother Charles, were placed under the charge of their grandmother, the Princess Augusta, and educated in England. In 1823 Charles became the reigning Duke, but after a rule, or rather misrule, of seven years was deposed by the German Diet, and was succeeded by William, who had been mainly spending his time in the Prussian Army. For fifty-four years Duke William has reigned peaceably and unobtrusively, and though in that year of political catastrophes, 1848, he at first resisted his subjects' demands for Liberal reforms, he eventually had the good sense to yield, and thenceforward retained his popularity to the day of his death. Indeed his liberal concessions gave no little offence and created considerable apprehension in certain quarters, and Prince Bismarck in particular protested in the Diet against "the scandalous licence of the Press in Brunswick, which teems with violent attacks against the German Sovereigns and their Governments." Moreover, there was little love lost between the imperious, military-ridden Berlin Court and the easy-going, good-natured Duke, who led rather the life of a country gentleman than that of a reigning German Sovereign. Nevertheless in that critical period for Germans, 1866, he threw in his lot with Prussia, and saved his crown, but it is to be noted that he never went to Berlin, and that on the declaration of the German Empire at Versailles an estrangement arose between the Emperor and the Duke, who vigorously protested against being deprived of the command of his own army. From that time he appears to have taken little part in the Government, but to have absented himself from the Duchy, the affairs of the State being carried on by the Cabinet under the Regency of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who had been



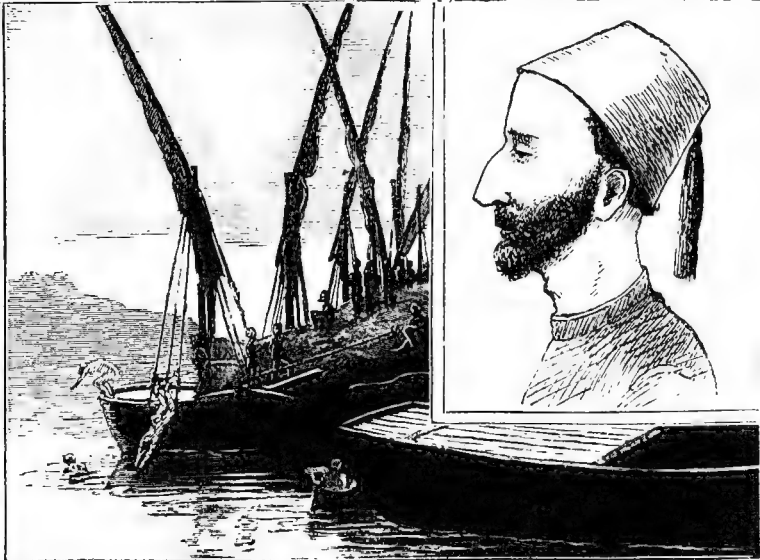
WILLIAM, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK
Born April 25, 1806 Died October 18, 1884

nominated by the Federal Council. The only real grievance which his subjects urged against him was his persistent refusal to marry, caused, it is said, by pique at his failure to make an alliance in the highest quarters in England. On one occasion a deputation of citizens is stated to have waited upon him with a petition that he should give Brunswick a duchess. He promised them a speedy answer, and in an hour's time the walls of the town were placarded with an announcement that by special command, the company at the Ducal Theatre would play that evening Töpper's comedy, *I Shall Remain Single*. The Duke was by no means wanting in ready wit, and was in every way a man of high culture, being a most liberal patron of Art, Literature, and the Drama. Under his auspices Brunswick became a handsome city, and the orchestra of the Ducal Theatre, under Franz Abt, at one time was celebrated throughout Germany, while the excellent troupes and well-devised *mise-en-scène* were no less renowned. His own private collections of pictures, statuary, medals, and engravings are said to be exceedingly fine. The Duke was exceedingly rich, for besides the revenues of the Duchy he possessed an estate, or rather a principality, at Oels, in Silesia. He thus was enabled to gratify his tastes to the utmost, and his chateau of Sibyllenort has been described as a veritable Castle of Indolence. There he was wont to spend the shooting season, but he had also charming residences at Venice, on the Lake of Como, and at Vienna, being a favourite at the Austrian Court. The Duke was a Knight of the Garter, but seldom visited England, and held but scanty relations with the smaller Courts of Germany. His death has raised the long-expected difficulty of a succession to the Duchy. By right this falls to the Duke of Cumberland as a common descendant of George III., but Prussia firmly refuses to recognise his claim till he renounces his right to the throne of Hanover. Next in order comes the Duke of Cambridge; but it is most probable that the provisions of the Regency Law of 1879 will be carried out. This was drawn up to meet such a contingency, and provides that in the event of the heir to the Duchy being unable to ascend the throne, the Landtag within a year shall choose a

Mudir of Dongola



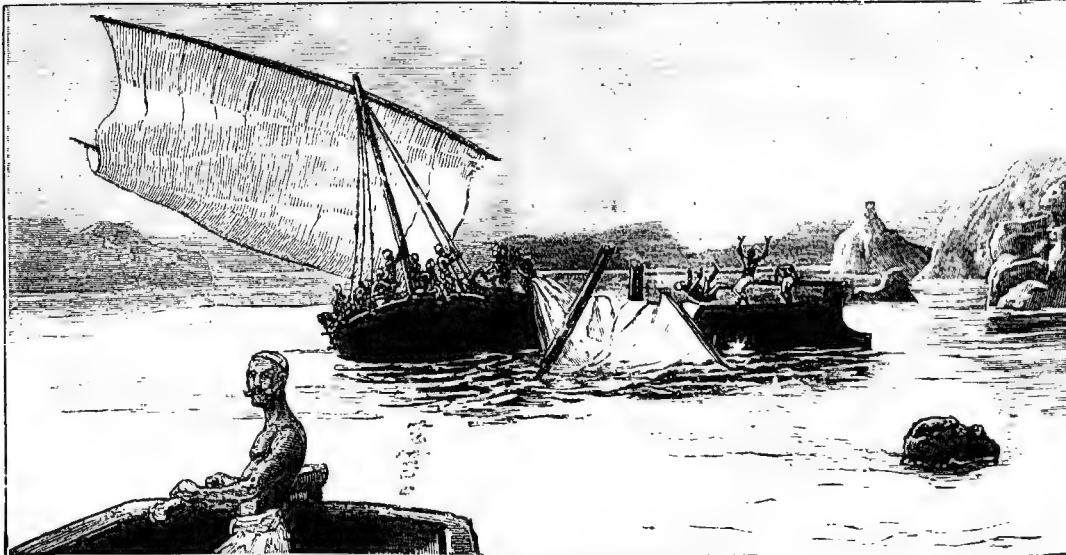
LEAVING SARASS FOR DONGOLA



TIED UP FOR THE NIGHT AT AMBIGOL



GIRLS FRIGHTENING BIRDS FROM THE CROPS



WRECK OF THE HEAD-QUARTER BOAT

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—WITH THE FIRST SUSSEX REGIMENT FROM THE SECOND CATARACT TO DONGOLA
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER



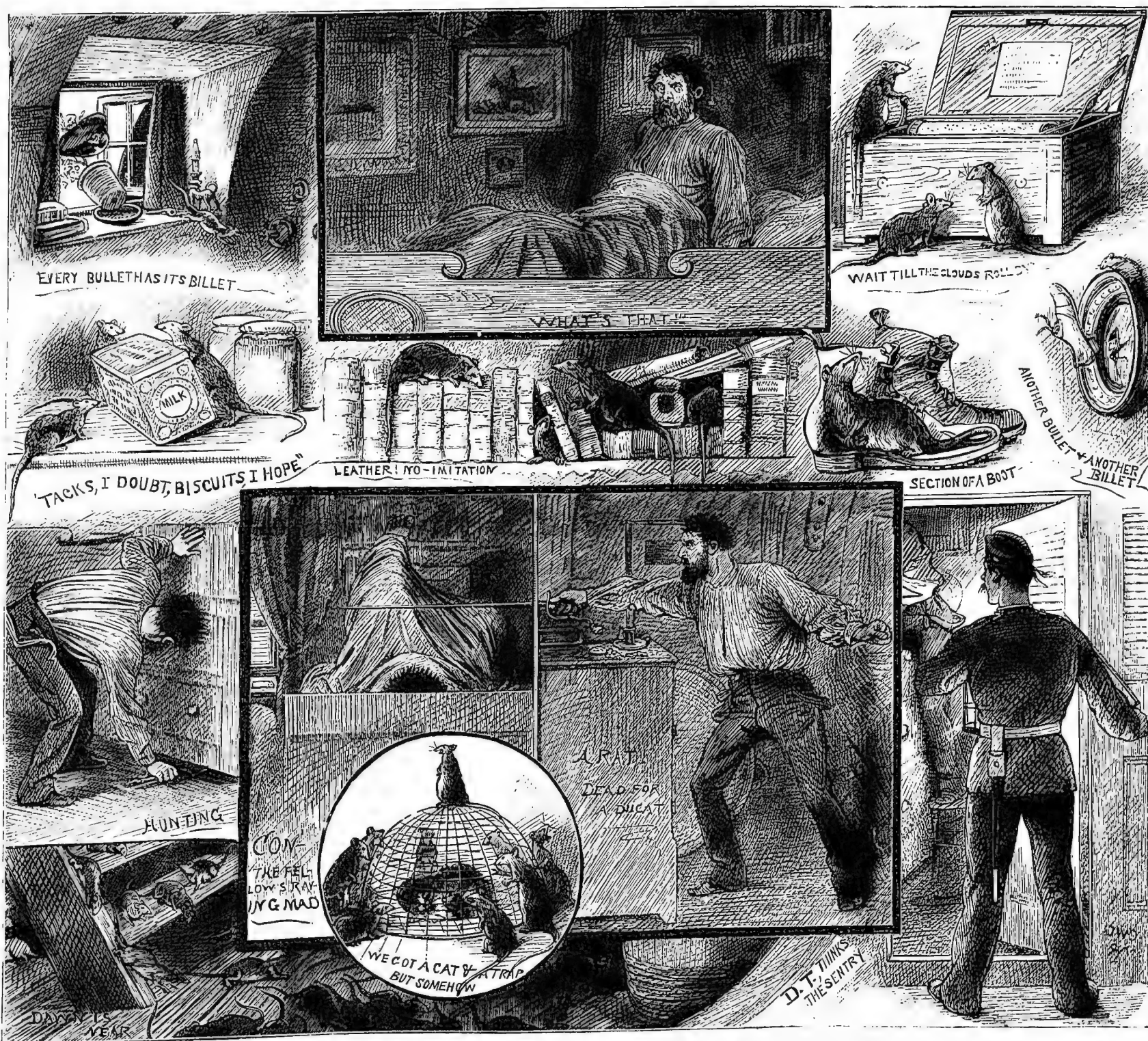
RIGHT HON. H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.
The New Chief Secretary for Ireland



COLONEL CHRISTOPHER H. BARNES, R.H.A.
Died at Cairo, Sept. 28, while in Command of the Artillery
in Egypt



RIGHT HON. G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P.
The New Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster



RATS ON BOARD SHIP—A MIDNIGHT FANTASY

sovereign from among the non-ruling members of the princely German Houses. At present Prussia has assumed the chief command, and the government is carried on by a Council of Regency composed of the three chief officials of the Duchy. The funeral of the Duke took place on Saturday at Brunswick, where his remains were laid to rest in the Cathedral by the side of the founder of his race, Henry de Lion, and of Queen Caroline, the unhappy consort of George IV., who was a sister of the late Duke's father. The funeral ceremonies were conducted with all due regal honours, the procession taking nearly an hour to pass through the streets. The Duke of Cambridge was the chief mourner, there being also present Prince Albert of Prussia and various other cousin princes of the late Duke. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Victor Angerer, Vienna.



THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS just published in detail—a *resumé* having appeared in September—show on the year a nett increase of 173,703 acres in the cultivated area of the United Kingdom. The area under corn crops has diminished 213,254 acres, that under flax 8,813 acres, and that under bare fallow 29,683 acres, while there is an increase of 24,926 acres under green crops, of 20,603 acres under clover, of 1,243 acres under hops, and of 378,686 acres pasturage. Ordinarily these returns could not be regarded as satisfactory; but, seeing the fall in the price of corn, an increased attention to stock seems the one thing to be desired. More pasturage means more stock, and so the returns afford some mat or for congratulation.

STOCK AND POULTRY.—The above returns are remarkable for including for the first time the numbers of poultry, which are set down at 28,944,249. The Irish farmers are found to possess 361,190 more poultry than their English brethren. This is the more remarkable, as in each of the last two years there has been a considerable decrease in the number of Irish poultry. In 1882 the number was nearly 14 millions, valued at 1,131,931 $\frac{1}{2}$, while the number now is 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions. The returns give the average prices of live cattle, sheep, pigs, and meat sold wholesale at London, Liverpool, and Glasgow markets, and they give the number of horses—omitted from the quarter's *resumé*—at 1,904,515.

THE CORN MARKETS are still languid in the extreme, and the fall in grain has been followed by a decline of two shillings per sack on the top price of flour. The best bread should now be obtainable at fivepence the quarter loaf, though as buyers of the best bread expect it delivered at their houses, and sometimes have credit besides, they must not grumble if a halfpenny extra charge is put on to pay for these conveniences. Beans and peas have also given way in value, the foreign sorts of the latter as much as half-a-crown per qr. Linseed and rapeseed are on the decline, and cake is decidedly cheap.

THE STATE OF THE LAND may be described in a couple of words—"Too dry." In some cases where heavy land was ploughed just after the slight rainfall earlier in the month, and this land was not rolled down, the furrow slices have become so dry and hard that the harrows scarcely touch them at first, and perseverance in harrowing only results in the production of a dry and cloddy seed bed which is not at all propitious to the future wheat crop. There is on other soils an excess of dry moulds more suitable to barley than to wheat, which likes a heavier earth atop of it, besides a damper bed than it now gets. Early sown wheat, rye, and tares have come up quickly and well, but the drought has been unfavourable to trifolium. Mangolds and swedes are proving a most variable crop, but turnips are turning out better than—considering the dry autumn—had been expected.

THE LAST OF THE SCOTCH FALCONERS has just died in the person of old Peter Ballantyne, who, after serving with the Duke of Athol, Lord Carmarthen, Sir James Boswell, Mr. Ewen, and Mr. Oswald, has passed away at the venerable age of eighty-six. We give the names of his employers, for the regular patrons of falconry can almost be counted on one's fingers. The hawks trained by Ballantyne possessed a high and genuine value, for he was a most devoted and clever sportsman, whose cheery cries encouraging his birds when on the wing will long be remembered by those who have heard them. In 1880 Ballantyne trained a hawk named Pearl which has proved one of the most perfect falcons ever flown. He was training a hawk at the time of his death, and very curiously the bird died on the same day as himself. With his death we fear that a chain linking us with the Middle Ages has at last been snapped.

TWO FINE ALBINOs have recently been shot. The first is a perfectly white specimen of the common hare, which was recently

secured in North Devon by Mr. H. M. Spurling; the second is a very large grouse, which is not completely white, the head being brown and dove-colour as well as white. The bird has a handsome though very peculiar appearance.

ENSILAGE.—Some interesting experiments have recently been made with the object of testing the heat of silos. The temperature is found to vary from 90° to 120° under a pressure of 200 lb. to the square foot. The ensilage seems to be at its greatest heat about ten days after the silo is filled. There is then a gradual and steady subsidence of temperature. If the grass or green crop ensilaged be full of sap or wet with rain it heats much quicker, but still seems ten days before it begins to subside. Many persons will be surprised to learn that there are now 610 silos in Great Britain, besides several buildings, of which 514 are in England, 36 in Wales, and 60 in Scotland. As perhaps the earliest in advocating a trial of ensilage in England, we cannot be otherwise than gratified at the figures disclosed by the recent agricultural returns, though the rapid adoption of silos would, it is only fair to add, have been quite impossible but for the enterprise of firms like Lascelles, Reynolds, and others, who have met demand more than half-way, and undertaken for diffident agriculturists the prompt erection of silos on their farms at a moderate inclusive charge.

THE FARMERS' CLUB commence their session next Monday, when a paper will be read on "The Early Maturity of Live Stock." Mr. W. Parsons, who will read the paper, is one of the most famous breeders of Hampshire Down sheep, so that all agriculturists interested in that branch of live stock will find a special attraction.



To most people Peg Woffington is known as the heroine of one of Charles Reade's most widely-read works. Mr. FitzGerald Molloy, however, in "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), enables every one to make a real acquaintance with the amiable and eccentric actress, who was so long the friend of Garrick. Mr. Molloy's book is not merely biographical; he gives a series of vivid pictures of the period in which Peg Woffington lived, and of the men and manners of that time. Foote, Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith, Savage, and many another name famous in the literary and artistic history of the eighteenth century figure in these pages. It may be objected that by thus adding detail to his narrative the author has interrupted and confused the story of the life of his main character; but those who read his book will scarcely think so, and will be pleased alike by his handling of his subject and by the pleasant style of the writer.

Travellers have been almost everywhere on the earth's surface gathering material wherewith to write books, so that little fresh ground is left. Nevertheless, Captain John G. Bourke, of the U.S. Cavalry, has found a comparatively new subject in "The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona" (Sampson Low and Co.). The Moquis live just within the United States borders, close to the Mexican frontier. They do not appear to have materially altered in religion and manners from their condition prior to the conquest of Montezuma by the Spaniards. Their curious Snake Dance is evidently in some way connected with serpent worship; but this point is not made very clear by the author, whose style is somewhat rambling. In fact, the book has been carelessly put together, and what might have been a most interesting work suffers considerably in consequence of this circumstance. The illustrations, by Sergeant A. F. Harmer, of the U.S. Army, and a student of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, are well executed.

For those who believe in a future for the negro race, "Hayti; or, the Black Republic" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), by Sir Spencer St. John, K.C.M.G., will not be altogether pleasant reading. The author was for a long period her Majesty's Minister Resident and Consul-General in Hayti, and had unusually good opportunities for observation. The following quotation touching Haytian notions of law is not one of the least absurd:—"An American black came one day to Mr. Byron, our Vice-Consul, and said he had been accused of stealing a box of dominoes from his landlord, and asked him to accompany him to Court to see justice done him. Mr. Byron, knowing the man to be respectable, did so. The accuser stated that, while sitting at her door talking to a neighbour, she saw her lodger put the box of dominoes into his pocket and walk off with it. She made no remark at the time, but next day accused him. The man denied having touched the box. The magistrate, however, observed, 'She says she saw you—you can't get over that;' and had not Mr. Byron remarked that the prisoner's word was as good as the accuser's, being at least as respectable a person, he would instantly have been sent to prison." So much Sir Spencer St. John tells us about

Haytian law courts. Those who wish to fathom the depths of negro depravity should read his chapter on Voodoo worship. His book is, in any case, a valuable contribution to anthropology.

Mr. George R. Fitz-Roy Cole gives us an interesting volume in "The Peruvians at Home" (Kegan Paul and Co.). He had occasion to visit Peru in the spring of 1873, and he resided in the country for two years. If his travel-story is not bright, it has a certain merit of perspicuousness. The following at least is decisive as regards the Peruvian ladies:—"The Peruvian belle, when she is really beautiful, may well rank on an equality with the fairest specimens of female loveliness which the world produces. Her complexion can scarcely be called dark, although her eyes and hair are so; for her skin is often very fair and transparent. She seldom has much colour. Her features are small and delicately formed, the nose straight and particularly well-shaped, and the ear small and delicately curved, lying quite flat to the head—a rare beauty."

The author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson" has written another work, "Our Little Life" (Longmans, Green, and Co.). A great deal of the matter of these essays is sensible and profitable enough, but withal a little dull. The best thing in the book is the paper on Lord Lyndhurst, where personal reminiscence, combined with antipathy to Sir Theodore Martin, relieves the monotony of tedious and long drawn-out moralising.

Messrs. Cassell and Company publish many substantial books, and they have made a really useful addition to their list in "Cassell's Illustrated Universal History," by Edward Collier. The work deals with the "Middle Ages," both East and West, and seems to have been judiciously and sensibly compiled. The illustrations of ancient architecture are presumably taken from the best sources. If the battle scenes are imaginative, they are none the less an attractive feature in the book.

Messrs. James Sangster and Co. publish an illustrated edition of "The Life and Opinions of the Right Hon. John Bright," by Francis Watt, M.A. There is absolutely nothing new in this book. It goes over well-trodden ground, yet it gives much information in a form both neat and handy.

We have frequently in these columns favourably reviewed the *English Illustrated Magazine*. We have received from Messrs. Macmillan this year's volume, 1883-1884, and it is not too much to say that the contents are all good—illustrations and letter-press. The articles and the illustrations bear the signatures of men and women of notable merit in the literary and artistic world.

The fact that this year the British Association for the Advancement of Science has held its annual meeting at Montreal, in the Dominion of Canada, is not likely to be without its effect on the race-union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Mr. Cornelius Nicholson's little book, "The Work and Workers of the British Association for the Advancement of Science" (Sampson Low and Co.), is therefore timely. It states in short chapters what the Association has done, and what it proposes to do, in various departments of science, such as astronomy, electricity, chemistry, geography, meteorology, &c.

Angling of late years has been developing its literature in a very marked manner; and among many pleasant productions few will be more acceptable than the little shilling volume just published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., entitled "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale." The initials of "E. M." to the delightful letter to members of his family who shared the pleasures of the few weeks Derbyshire holiday, will suggest that a member of the eminent firm is an author as well as a publisher, and, like many good men, fond of his angle. The little volume is written in a charming spirit, with plenty of quiet humour in it, and it is evident that the author has learned the "art of holiday-making" as well as of angling.

As 1884 is the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death, Mr. Fisher Unwin has had the enterprise to publish a charming little volume, bound in velum, entitled "Dr. Johnson: His Life and Table Talk." The excerpts are, of course, made from Boswell's life of the great man, but they are well chosen, and reflect great credit on the Editor of the "Leisure Hour," to whom the publisher entrusted the undertaking.

To folk concerning themselves with numismatics we can commend the handy volume published by Mr. Upcott Gill, "A Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland in Gold, Silver, and Copper, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, with their Value," by Major W. Stewart Thorburn. The work bears every mark of having been compiled with care, and the illustrations are certainly excellent. To the perhaps limited circle to which Major Thorburn appeals, his book should be useful.

Thorough-going guides to our great provincial towns need little recommendation. Such a book is "Arrowsmith's Dictionary of Bristol," which contains nearly everything that one would be likely to seek to know about the great and beautiful city on the Avon.

We have received also the useful "Scottish School Board Directory" (Paisley: A. Gardner); and the third edition of "The Gas Manager's Hand Book," by Thomas Neubigging (Walter King, Bolt Court, Fleet Street).

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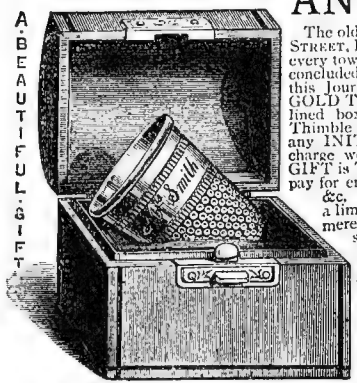
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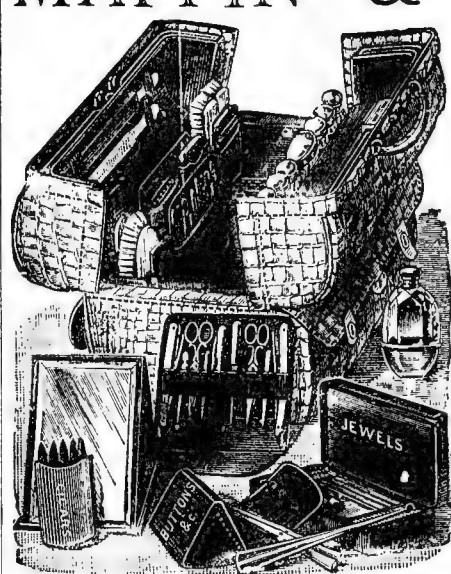
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Do they wonder who is coming
From the land so far away?
Do they know that we are watching
Hour by hour the long day's flight,
Hoping, fearing, till the shadows
Bid the golden sea 'good night'?

Surely all the birds are singing,
Surely all the world seems gay,
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Contents:—Major Cornelius. Illustrated by A. Hopkns. Examiners and Candidates. Hey and the Haze. A Female Philist. Thunderbolts. The Talk of the Town. By James Payn. Chap. XVIII. "Whatever happens, I shall love you. Willie." Chap. XIX. "Another Discovery." Chap. XX. "A True Lover." Chap. XXI. "A True Lover." Chap. XXII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXIII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXIV. "A True Lover." Chap. XXV. "A True Lover." Chap. XXVI. "A True Lover." Chap. XXVII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXVIII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXIX. "A True Lover." Chap. XXX. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXI. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXIII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXIV. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXV. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXVI. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXVII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXVIII. "A True Lover." Chap. XXXIX. "A True Lover." Chap. XL. "A True Lover." Chap. XLI. "A True Lover." Chap. XLII. "A True Lover." Chap. XLIII. "A True Lover." Chap. XLIV. "A True Lover." Chap. XLV. "A True Lover." Chap. 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A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA:

INCLUDING KULDJA, BOKHARA, AND KHIVA.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.: RUSSIAN TURKISTAN.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

THE ENGRAVINGS IN THIS SUPPLEMENT and three others to follow are intended to illustrate my journey of 12,000 miles undertaken the year before last through Russian Central Asia, including Kuldja, Bokhara, and Khiva. Most of the woodcuts are from photographs I brought back. By "Russian Central Asia" is here intended the region stretching between the Oxus and the Irtysh, which is divided into two General Governments or Vice-Royalties—namely, that of the Steppe, recently made up of the provinces of Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk (which belonged formerly to Western Siberia) and Semirechia; and that of Turkistan, which includes the provinces of Syr-Daria, Amu-Daria, Ferghana, and Zarafshan. The ordinary method of reaching Turkistan is by Orenburg, and across the Steppes to the Syr-Daria. But an easier though somewhat longer way is to proceed from Petersburg to Nishni Novgorod by rail, thence by steamer to Perm, and over the Urals to Ekaterinburg, thence by post to Tiumen, whence steamers ply in summer on the Irtysh, to Omsk or Semipalatinsk. Before the English traveller sets out upon this journey, however, he must be well accredited with letters from the capital. Thanks to the kind patronage of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael, together with the help of Count Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior, and General Tcherniaieff, then Governor-General of Turkistan, I was supplied with letters to the Governors of the provinces through which I was to pass; and having found a suitable interpreter to accompany me in the person of Mr. Alfred Sevier, M.B., who had recently finished his medical studies at three European capitals, I started from Petersburg at the end of June, and by the same route which I have delineated in my "Through Siberia" I reached Tobolsk on August 12th. From Tobolsk we steamed up the Irtysh to Omsk, which is the capital of the General Government of the Steppe.

Omsk is a Government town of 31,000 inhabitants, built upon the banks of the Om at its confluence with the Irtysh, the two parts of the town being connected by a substantial wooden bridge. Omsk was founded in 1717, and the gateway of its fortress is still standing

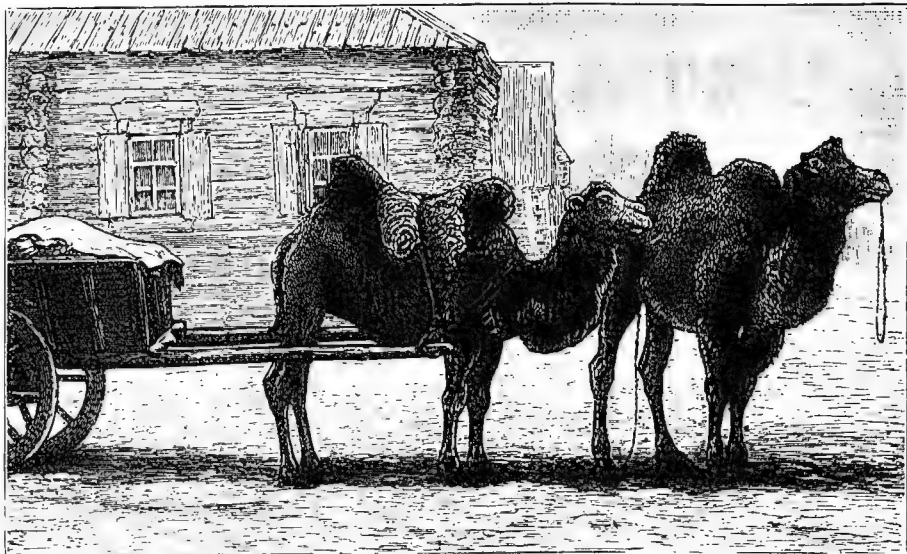
of Western Siberia, who then lived in about the centre of his vice-royalty, whereas now that the provinces of Akmolinsk and Semipalatinsk have been thrown into the general government of the Steppe, their ruler finds himself all but expatriated to the extreme North-East corner of his dominions, from the best parts of which he is a thousand miles distant. I heard that General Kolpakovsky has a great desire to transfer the seat of government to his old quarters

a company of soldiers towed in a barge by our steamer, and now brought forward to Pavlodar, whence they were to march into Turkistan. Large numbers of young recruits are every year thus sent to Tashkend, and one person in Tiumen mentioned to me significantly that he saw many soldiers going thither, but few coming back; which afterwards, I thought, largely accounted for by the somewhat heavy mortality there, and also by the fact that Russian labour being scarce in Central Asia, and their return home not being without difficulties, the men prefer to stay in the warmer climate to which military duty has forced them.

After passing Pavlodar we met Governor-General Kolpakovsky, to whom I presented my letters from Petersburg, and received the promise of help in speeding me through the Steppe by recommendations to the postmasters to let me have horses without delay. It was not often that we were kept, but on arriving the same night at Gratchinsk the horses were found to be turned out for the night, and to collect them from a pasture where hurdles and bounds were unknown was not to be done in a minute. For five hours we had to wait, but this was the longest delay I anywhere experienced in the Steppe.

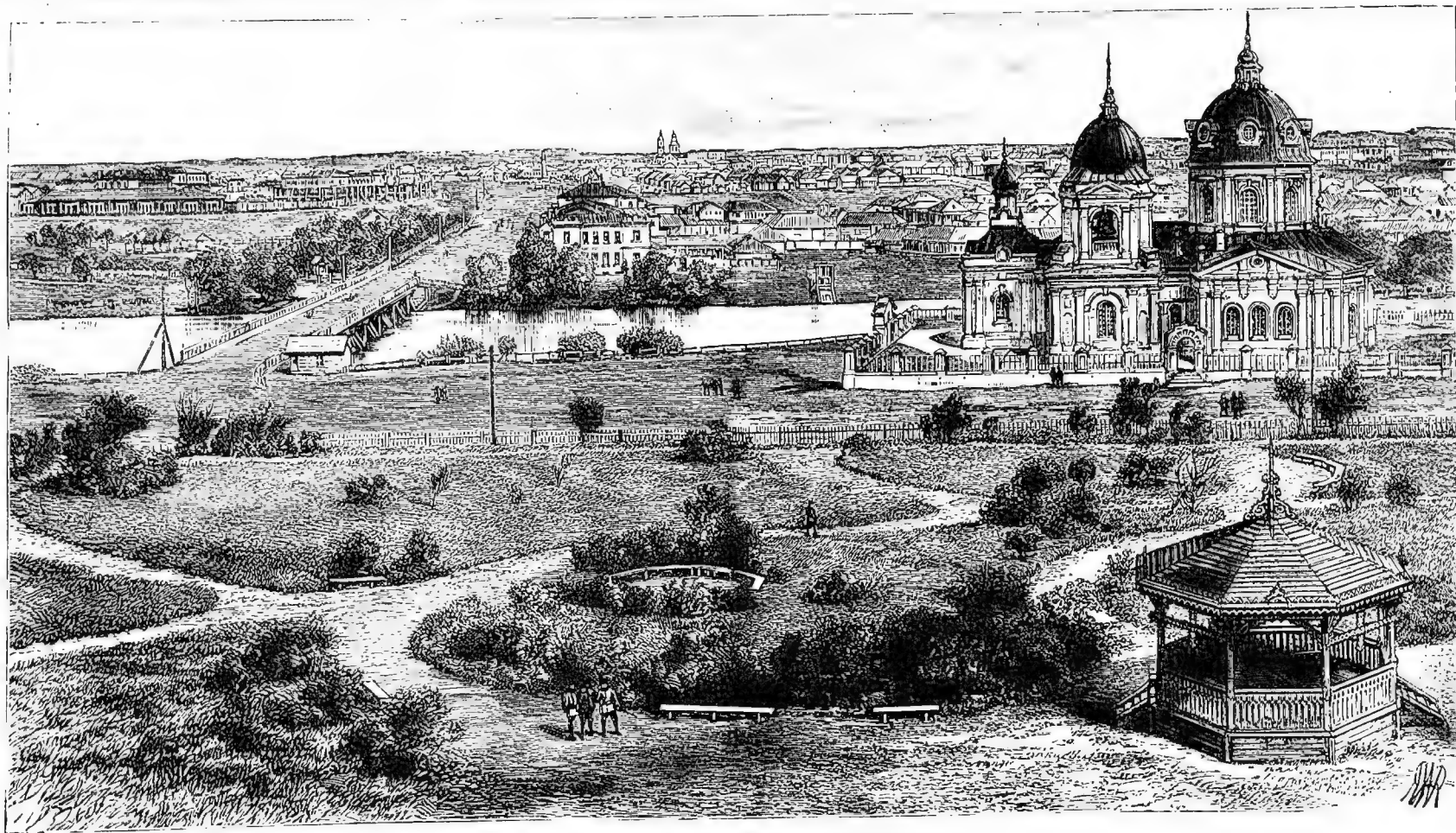
On the 24th August we arrived at the town of Semipalatinsk, which stands on the lofty right bank of the Irtysh. Here the principal trade is carried on in winter, when the Cossack peasants and Kirghese come in from the neighbouring districts, bringing skins, camel hair, ropes, &c., which they dispose of to purchase grain, ironware, and wooden boxes. On leaving Semipalatinsk our next stopping-place was Sergiopol, a distance of 180 miles, past eleven post stations, at which there were said to be few horses.

It was to me a source of great comfort that I was now kindly supplied, through the favour of the Governor-General, with a Crown *podorojna*, or travelling document, so that I might fairly reckon upon proceeding as speedily as could be expected under the circumstances. The road to Sergiopol lay almost due south from Semipalatinsk, and for the first two stations presented a bare landscape, relieved only here and there by a few



KIRGHESE CART AND CAMELS

at Vierny, and, should this be done, there is every prospect of Omsk ultimately falling into decay. From the verandah of the Acting Governor's house we espied our first Kirghese *aul*, or collection of tents, of which as we travelled south we saw many. One of the sights that strikes a European on entering Omsk is the number of Kirghese coming into the town, some on horseback and others either on their



OMSK, FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

on the right bank of the Om. Near at hand are large public offices, military and civil, whilst on the other side of the river are situated the large stone house of the Governor-General, the cathedral, a Roman Catholic chapel, some mosques, a Lutheran church, a large military *gymnase*, or high school, and several other schools lower in grade. The streets are wide, and in front of the house of the Governor-General is a triangular public garden. But the glory of Omsk is undoubtedly departing. Formerly it was on the high road from Europe to China, but the opening of another road further north and the conversion of the Obi into a summer route have diverted the traffic, and so lessened its commercial importance. It was for a long time debated whether the new Siberian University should not be established at Omsk, but the decision has been given in favour of Tomsk, which will doubtless prove to the detriment of the former. Again, Omsk derived its greatest importance as being the seat of government, and the residence of the Governor-General

camels or in camel carts. One sees amongst the Kirghese two species of camel, namely, the two-humped and the one-humped, or dromedary, the former being much more commonly met with, especially about Omsk and in the northern parts of the Steppe. The one-humped species endures the frost with difficulty, and is therefore confined to localities further south. When harnessed to a properly constructed cart the camel can easily draw a weight of 2,000 lbs. On leaving Omsk we had before us a drive for our first stage of nearly 500 miles to Semipalatinsk, and left Omsk on the 19th of August. Most of the post stations were kept by Cossacks, which were reminded me of the best of those I had seen in Siberia, which were comfortable indeed compared with the picket post stations we met with further south. The Cossack stations were clean, the floors being sometimes painted, and not unfrequently beautified with window-flowers and creepers, especially ivy.

All the way from Tiumen there followed us more or less closely

auls. The Russians took up their position at Sergiopol in 1831, since which time, their frontier having been advanced southwards, the place has gradually declined in importance. With Sergiopol commences the province of Semirechia, the population of which had been taken four years before my visit, but, I think, not printed. I was favoured, however, with an official copy of statistics in manuscript, from which it appears that in 1878 the inhabitants numbered 609,200, of which the males exceeded the females by 36,000. The seed sown in 1878 all over the province amounted to 5,300 tons, and the harvest to 47,000 tons, thus yielding on an average nearly a nine-fold crop. The Russian settlers in Semirechia are of two kinds, the Cossacks and the colonists, some of which latter are Russians and some natives.

On leaving Sergiopol we posted all night, and in the morning came to a poor specimen of a picket-post station, a different habitation altogether from the substantial farmhouse erections that one

often meets with in Siberia. The picket-station is usually in company with no other house, so that it stands perfectly alone in the desert. Djusagach was one of the most desolate of the kind, whence a drive of twenty miles brought us to Arganatinisk, by which time the sun was at its meridian, and my thermometer in the



A POST-HOUSE "CHAMBRE DE TOILETTE"

tarantass rose to 85 degrees. The post-house stood, according to my aneroid, at 1,600 feet above the sea, and on either side rose two bare rocky hills, covered with loose shingle, up one of which I had determined to climb, for the satisfaction of having a peep, twenty miles off, at the famous Lake Balkhash. As I stood on the top of that hill I was surrounded by deserts, whose clay beds, salt steppes, and moving sands seemed to demonstrate that the Balkhash had once been larger than at present.

At the next station they gave us four sorry horses, and, what was worse, a sleepy Kirghese driver, whom I caught several times nodding on the box. He understood no Russian, so I more than once conveyed my meaning by a thump in the back, whereupon he looked round as if I were unfairly disturbing his slumbers. At last we reached the next post station, which again was not one of the



A RUSSIAN COLONIST

most cheerful, for it lacked the presence of any one of the softer sex, and the household affairs of our bachelor or widower postmaster appeared all higgledy piggledy. One of the great inconveniences in post travelling in Asiatic Russia is the difficulty of getting good washing accommodation. The common method of washing the hands among the Russian peasants is to place them beneath a bowl of water fixed at a height, out of which a stream trickles. One accustomed therefore to a large basin of water in which to splash about finds himself inconveniently restricted in his toilet. Moreover, as these washing basins are frequently placed out of doors in the yard, it will be easily seen that to carry some kind of

india-rubber basin is highly desirable. At the next station it poured with rain, a fact I mention only to take of these refreshing drops farewell—a long farewell—for days, and weeks, and months, since, if I remember rightly, we saw no more till we reached the Caucasus three months in December. At Abakumovsky we were at the foot of the mountains, whence there goes off a post road to Lepsinsk; and our next important station was Altyn Immel, whence we turned off to Kuldja. This will be the subject of the next Supplement. But on returning early on the morning of the 7th September we proceeded further south to the Ili Valley, in which we had to cross the river of that name. Future travellers will not have to cross as we did by a ferry, but by a bridge. When at Moscow I met a Major Gourdet, who had been sent to Europe to order the metallic parts of the bridge, and from whom I heard it was to have been opened last spring. The weight of iron in the bridge is 130 tons, and consists of 160 tubular pillars and 7,000 bolts. My correspondent mentions an interesting fact about the metal—namely, that a rod of iron of 120 inches, with a section of one square inch, supported an elongation of twelve inches before breaking under a weight of twenty-five tons. The pillars are made of three-quarter inch sheet iron, the quality of which may be estimated from one of the sheets having been folded cold, like a piece of paper, without the least sign of cracking. Holes one inch in diameter have been punched at a distance of one-eighth of an inch from one another, and this narrow partition has been left quite clean and entire, without any sign of breaking. After which my correspondent adds, "I do not suppose there is much iron, even in England, that can rival ours from Nijni Tagil."

After crossing the Ili we trundled over the plains, from whence we could see Vierny a long way off among trees, and behind it, rising in majestic grandeur, the snowy peaks of the Trans-Ili, or southern, Ala Tau, which are in reality the northernmost range in this direction of the Tian Shan. The chain is crossed by five passes, of which three are higher than the Stelvio, the highest in Europe.

The Russians built Fort Vernoe in 1854 on the spot where, in the Middle Ages, stood Almata. This place was then known to the whole trading world, and was a station on the great road from Central Asia to China. Fort Vernoe was at first the centre of the Administration of the Ala Tau district, but subsequently became the provincial town of Sineretchia. The town lies at a height of

2,500 feet, and enjoys a bracing, healthy climate. The average temperature in 1861 was 44 deg.; whilst the town of Marseilles, on nearly the same parallel, has an average temperature of 57 deg. Hence cherries, peaches, and oranges ripen there, but do not grow at Vernoe. The vine, however, has been introduced with some success. Apples ripen in the beginning of August, apricots in the latter half of June, and barley and wheat in July.

We had heard in the North of the delights of Vierny, and as we drove along the flat and painfully uniform plain were looking forward to our arrival with pleasure. We reached the town before midday on the 8th September, and drove to Alikien's Hotel, which had this one good feature about it—a Russian bath, of which we availed ourselves immediately, and then proceeded to see the town and to make some calls.

We hired a droshky at the very moderate tariff of 7½d. an hour, and found that the town straggles over a wide area. There is the station, Almatinka, forming the old part of the town, the settlement of Almatinka, the Tatar suburb, and New Vierny, the last built since 1870, and to which we drove through straight, wide, and fairly level streets, bordered thickly on either side of the footway with double rows of poplars. The older portions of the town, regularly laid out, are entirely built of red fir-wood; whilst in the new town are several houses of brick, including the Governor's and Archbishop's palaces and the adjacent gymnasium, all of them designed, if I mistake not, by Major Gourdet, a French architect in the Russian service, to whom I have alluded already. The Governor's house, with its offices and gardens, occupies a whole "quartal" or square. There is also outside the town a public garden, with greenhouses and flowers, with a pavilion for supper, music, and dancing.

The great diversity of the population is very striking, and gives the streets a curious appearance, as one sees Russian women driving in carts full of melons side by side with Calmucks riding on bullocks, or Kirghese from off the Steppe making way through the streets mounted on the humps of their camels. In addition to these may be seen Tatars and Sarts from various towns in Turkestan and Kashgaria; and Dungans and Taranchis who came from Kuldja after the devastation of 1864. These last do all the manual work, and some of them have been baptized. Lastly, there are Jews and Chinese, who come to the town for the purpose of trade.

By the kindness of Major Gourdet I had been furnished at Moscow with an introduction to M. Vladimir Von Ghern, the examining magistrate at Vierny, upon whom we called, and received a hearty welcome. This gentleman had been in Central Asia for some years, and had taken an intelligent interest in the people and country. He not only gave me a great deal of information, but also presented me with some skins and skeletons for the British Museum.

We received several visits from persons in the town; among others from Mr. Ivan Ivampivitch Pargatchevsky, a tea-merchant, to whom I had an introduction from, I think, his former employer at Kakhita. He seemed honoured by the introduction, and nothing could exceed the old gentleman's eagerness to do for me all he possibly could. He brought me white bread, sent to an outlying village to procure me fresh butter (not easily obtained in Vierny) and so entered into my scheme for the distribution of the Scriptures that he begged me to send him five pounds' worth to circulate as widely as possible by sale at catalogue prices.

In approaching Vierny we overtook many cartloads of melons making their way to the town, and the number we saw in the market was surprising. Mr. Von Ghern gave us one for dessert as big as the largest of English pumpkins, and he said that water-melons had been brought to the town weighing as much as thirty-six pounds. Melons and water-melons are sold for the moderate price of 6s. a hundred, and can be kept for use up to Christmas. I may mention other prices in Vierny market as follows:—Rye flour, 2s. 11d. per cwt.; wheat flour 3d. more, but a cwt. of rice costs 15s. 6d.; a quarter of oats 63s.; a cwt. of hay 14d.; a pound of



A STREET IN VIERNY

cow's butter 8½d.; a pound of fresh fish, 1½d.; a cwt. of salt, 4s. 6d.; stearine candles, 1s., and tallow candles, ¾d. per pound. A gallon of wine 5s. 9d.; a gallon of spirits 2s. 9d.; a pound of honey 7d.; a ton of bar iron 30l.; pay to workman by himself 9d., with a horse, 2s. 3d., or with a pair of oxen, 3s. 3d. The market was, of course, suggestive of the occupation of the people, of which the principal is agriculture.

There were two objects of interest I was able to secure in this

town: the one a Dungan bridle, and the other a Kara Kirghese leather bottle for kumis, both of which are now in the British Museum.

Vierny, besides being the residence of the Governor of the province, is established as the centre of administration for the Cossacks. There are now in existence in Vierny several educational establishments, and a library founded in 1878 at the Military Bureau, of 2,000 volumes, to which, during a period of eight months, 1,474 persons were admitted, and to whom were issued 2,749 books. There are in Vierny two churches and a mosque. The foundation of a cathedral is also laid, and the bulk of the people are of the Orthodox faith.

On Sunday afternoon we went to see Alexander, Archbishop of Turkestan and Tashkend. Opposite his door was a large Buddhist bell, and when ushered into his Eminence's reception room I was fairly taken aback at the furniture, the number of curiosities and pictures, and the taste with which they were arranged.

He had a splendid collection of Central Asian photographs, and



PICKET-POST STATION AT ARGANATINISK

gave me some for others I was to send from England, and they have served me in good stead for the engravings of these Supplements. I should gladly have had much conversation with him, especially about the Russian Church, concerning the condition of which, from having seen other religious communities abroad, he could form a better estimate than many of his colleagues. I referred to the sad lack of preaching therein, whereupon he mentioned the harassing regulation that a priest before preaching a sermon must



APPROACHING VIERNY FROM SIBERIA

write and send it for approval to his superior, but he thought it likely nevertheless that preaching may revive in the Russian Church, seeing that as a matter of fact many priests do now explain the Gospel for the day in the churches or in private houses.

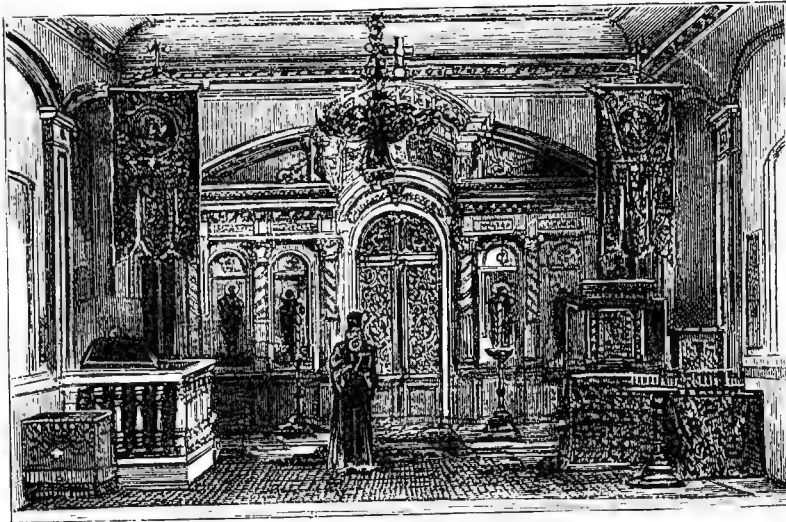
We left Vierny on September 8th, and continued our journey westwards. It was beautiful weather for travelling, and not too hot by day, but it became chilly immediately after sunset, and by the small hours of the morning grew cold enough to make one feel thankful for an ulster. Usually, for some distance from the town, the land was cultivated on either side of the road, and beside some settlers' dwellings were stacks that might have been mistaken for peat, but were in reality kizak, or dried dung, which is used by the natives as fuel. At our first station, Kiskilenskaia, we were offered stone ornaments of a galmatholite, called by the natives Kalyptash, or stone for making bullet moulds. It is sold in Vierny fashioned into paper weights, polished with wax, and pen-trays, two of which Mr. Von Ghern had given me as geological specimens.

Our second station was Uzun-agatch, the scene of a decisive battle between the Russians and the Khokandians in 1864. On reaching Sam-su a message from the authorities at Vierny had preceded me that horses should be in readiness, and the amiable old postmaster, thinking that some one of importance must be coming, had put out bread and salt as a welcome. The traveller who has time should go from this spot we have now reached to visit Lake Issik Kul. The road passes from Sam-su southwards over the Kastek Pass, 3,300 feet high, to the head waters of the Chu, along the bed of which the post road runs through the Buam defile, called by the natives "The Happy Pass," to the station Kutemaldi. The beauty of this defile is greatly extolled by travellers. After passing Kutemaldi the road skirts the northern shore of the Issik Kul, that has become scientifically known to us only during the present generation.

I have said that at Uzun-agatch was fought a battle between the Russians and Khokandians. Up to 1860 the Russians had been gradually approaching the Ili Valley from the Irtysh, and in 1860, after the subjugation of the Kirghese, troops were sent from Vierny under Colonel Zimmermann to seize some of the Khokandian forts, which they accomplished. Whereupon the Khokandians collected their forces to an estimated number of 40,000, and tried to take the Russian troops, only 1,000 strong, by surprise. The attempt failed, thanks mainly to the skill of General Kolpakovsky, and the Khokandians retired across the mountain paths to their capital. Khokand was being gradually encroached upon at the same time in the region of the Syr-Daria. The Khokandians were in fact the first settled

see the Russians met in Central Asia, and from whom they took their principal town of Tashkend, and left to the Khan of Khokand that part of his territory which is now called Ferghana, consisting of a valley wholly surrounded by branches of the Tian Shan mountains. I reached this province, not over the mountains from Vierny, which would have been a severe though possible journey, but by following the post-road through Aulie Ata and Tashkend down to Khojend, and so entering Ferghana by the only road suited for wheel traffic. The Khokand Valley is full of interest to the naturalist. Along the Syr-Daria aquatic birds are numerous, and in the mountains are porcupines and the maral, as well as mountain sheep. The chief point of interest to me, however, was the native capital of Khokand, where we had received an invitation to be the guests of Mr. Ushakov, a Russian judge. As we approached the city walls their cracked condition showed them to be built of mud, and as we passed in at the city gate I noticed a platform on either side, which would serve alike for a guard-room, a toll-house, or, perchance, a place of judgment or council. Mr. Nicolai Nicolaivitch Ushakov had promised to send to the gate a djiguitt, or mounted policeman, to await our arrival, and when we came at about noon the man was there in flowing robes and white turban ready to mount his horse and precede us. I was thankful enough that he did so, for otherwise it would not have been easy to find the way. Khokand is said to have better streets than some of the older towns of Central Asia. In most they are irregular and narrow; only the main streets being sufficiently wide to allow the passage of a native cart. The shops, tea taverns, and barbers' rooms are usually situated along both sides of the main street leading from the principal gate to the centre of the town, and on to the market place commonly called Rhigistan. In the present instance, however, we had to make our way through bye streets with blank walls on either hand, and with just room enough for our vehicle. There was so little whereby to distinguish one street from another that we seemed to be threading a perfect maze, until at last we entered a garden amply stocked with apple, quince, and apricot trees. Here our host was living for the summer. Being a judicial functionary, he had command of several djiguitts, without some of whom he seemed never to go out, and I soon saw that to have them was no mere question of parade, but that they were of real service in clearing the way. He took us to the bazaar, which we did not see to advantage, as it was not a market day. The streets are roofed over like a succession of lofty arcades, affording shelter from the sun. One meets here with all the products of Central Asia, silk and velvet from Bokhara, silks, stuffs, and camlets from Marghelan, hand-worked copper goods made at Karshi and in Khokand itself, where the coppersmiths are very skillful; leather trunks from Bokhara, Dungan hats from Western China, *tubéikas*, or skull caps, of various patterns; robes of startling colours in

"charming Khokand," which title must belong, I suppose, to its surroundings, consisting of snow mountains, which we could see in more than one direction. Anciently the place was surrounded by marshes and frequented by wild boars, whence the town is said to derive its name. Doves were flying above the uninviting mud roofs, and in the distance were the city walls said to be twelve miles in circumference, and enclosing a population of 60,000 souls. It was not easy to distinguish principal buildings, but they have in Khokand a manufactory which supplies many Central Asian towns with writing paper, and which suits the gummy ink the natives use for writing; but the Russians import their paper from Europe. On the following day we accompanied the Acting Governor-General of the province in making an official tour of inspection, first to the barracks and next to the military hospital, after which we went to the prison, where, in taking notes, my stylographic pen, the first seen in the town, puzzled the bystanders to know where the ink came from.



THE PRISON CHURCH AT VIERNY

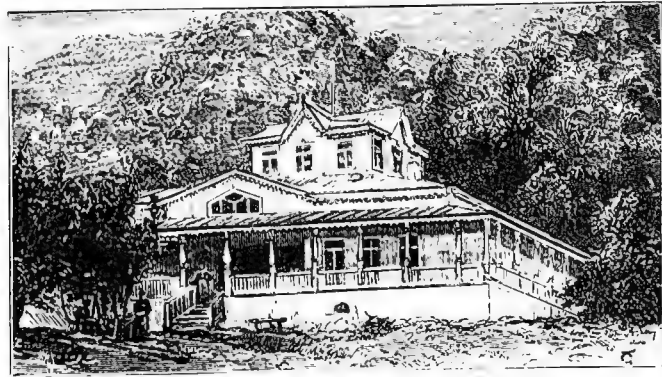
We next entered the Palace of the late Khan of Khokand. I had seen many, if not most, of the Regal and Imperial palaces of Europe, but never before the dwelling of an Asiatic potentate, and this one called for the more attention because for architectural pretensions it excels any other modern native building in Central Asia. The *urda*—or as it is called in Bokhara the *ark*, which, like the word *kremlin*, means the citadel—is situated in the centre of the town, in an open space large enough for the Russian troops to exercise in. It is a huge rectangular construction, enclosing several buildings, and surrounded by a moat and high walls. A portion of the walls was blown up by dynamite, by order of Skobelev, at the taking of the town, to the great astonishment and stupefaction of the natives, by whom the like was never seen before. The Palace has towers at the corners and two in the centre, the whole front being faced with glazed tiles, white, green, and blue, with a large inscription running along the cornice, "Built by Seid Muhammad Khudaiar Khan in the year 1287"—that is, 1870 A.D. We approached the entrance by a corduroy slope, and found at the Palace gates two native cannons, cast in copper, with silver inscriptions, not rifled, and with bores hardly smooth. The gates of the building were of finely chiselled wood. On entering, the courts were found to be spacious, surrounded by open galleries, the supporting columns being of wood with graceful capitals. The painting on the friezes and ceilings was extremely fine and varied, and was, perhaps, the most artistic feature of the Palace, for the enamelled bricks did not bear inspection, and were not equal to those of mediæval make we afterwards saw in Samarkand.

chamber the Russians had appropriated for the school-room for forty-five scholars, of whom thirteen were Russians, twenty-three Jews, and nine Sarts. In a courtyard not far from the entrance, trials were formerly conducted. Through this we passed to the women's quarter of the Palace. They had set apart for their use a summer pavilion in the centre of a court, of which the domes were of variegated colours, no two being alike, and we mounted by sloping boards to an upper storey to enter their empty winter apartments, whence we could see the vine groves of the Palace garden. From the Palace we were taken to see some fellow British subjects in the persons of a few Hindoos, as well as their tiny place of worship, and after that, at my special desire, though apparently to my host's surprise, we went to the most miserable place in Khokand—the lepers' village outside the town.

I had been favoured with a letter of introduction to a native merchant, and accordingly proceeded to call. My host, however, informed me that it would be more in keeping with their custom with the natives to send for the merchant to come to me, which he did. When the man discovered that I had brought an introduction all the way from Moscow, he entreated that, though late, we would honour him with a visit. Accordingly Sevier and I were conducted to the merchant's house, which I was glad to see as a specimen of a native interior. We saw nothing of any women, but were shown into a room, carpeted indeed, but without furniture, the principal attractions of the chamber to us being a number of niches in the wall, in which were placed crockery, fans, teapots, and earthenware goods from Russia and China. In due time was brought in a small, low, round table, with refreshments, near which our host squatted on the ground, and to which we had to stoop to help ourselves from the festive board. I invited questions concerning the country we came from, whereupon the merchant asked about our commerce, and the kind of merchandise in which England did most. My answers interested him, especially when I went on to tell him that we had railways by which we could travel the distance from Khokand to Tashkend in four or five hours, that we printed newspapers on a continuous roll of paper at the speed of ten miles an hour, and that London contained four million inhabitants: all which amazed him greatly.

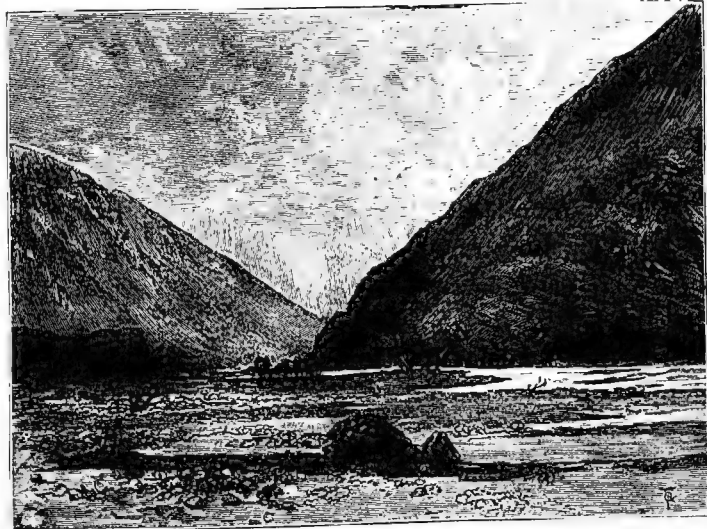
Khokand, though called the charming, was voted by the few Russian officers we found living there as exceedingly dull. Moreover, though the situation of the city is pleasant, and on three rivers, yet the water is naught, or worse still, is supposed to be the principal cause of goitre, which attacks not only human beings, but horses, horned cattle, and dogs.

We had nothing to keep us long in Khokand, and accordingly on Monday morning, September 25th, after a pleasant stay with our



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SEMIRECHIA

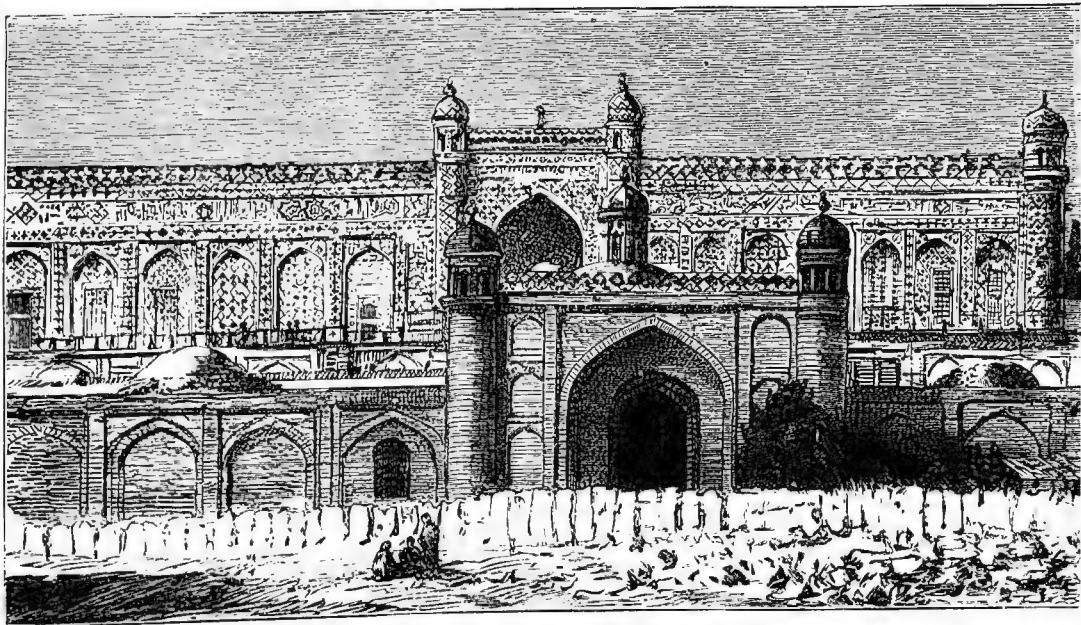
satin and silk, Samarkand knives, ancient jewelry, and objects cut in jade and onyx. The jewelers of Khokand make numerous earrings ornamented with precious stones. The bracelets of massive silver are open, of C shape like those of the Middle Ages, and their gold collarettes and silver seals rival those of Samarkand. I bought here specimens of native finger and ear-rings, bracelets and charms. Among other articles of trade brought to Khokand from the surrounding mountains are various kinds of furs, the prices of which



THE BUAM PASS ON THE ROAD TO ISSIK-KUL

gentlemanly host, we left for a drive of 260 miles to Samarkand. A djiguitt piloted our carriage to the city boundary, beyond which we continued through the walled gardens of the suburbs, with snow mountains on the distant horizon. At eight in the evening we arrived at Kara-Chukum, where we had to wait three hours for horses, which gave us opportunity to walk through the village, and to see people arranging themselves to sleep in the street, some under a platform of the tiny bazaar, and some on couches; whilst others, apparently travellers, simply spread a garment or cloth, and lay on the ground. We left about midnight, and early in the morning reached Khojend, which was a Greek town as far back as the fourth century before the Christian era.

Khojend, with Ura-Tiube, Jizak, and the country round, for many years formed a separate State, governed by independent Beks, though constantly coming to grief between its powerful neighbours of Khokand on the one side, and Bokhara on the other. After leaving Khojend we had one very long stage, marked in the post book as twenty-seven miles, though the driver declared it was thirty-three. I believed him, and hired four horses, beside which gave us another into the bargain, so that we drove off with two leaders under a postilion, and a troika, or three horses abreast. The dreary drive took us the greater part of the day, and we were not sorry, late in the afternoon, to come within sight of the picturesque fortress of Ura-Tiube. The commandant was expecting us, and received us heartily, and after dining with him and spending an hour or two, we posted on towards Jizak. The road frequently crossed a little stream of this name, sometimes keeping along its lofty loamy banks, but at other times climbing the hillside, on one of which latter occasions I remember noticing a specimen of semi-nomad life in tents, pitched near plots of cultivated land, and specimens of primitive weaving laid along the ground. Near Jizak we passed through a defile in the mountains called the Gates of Tamerlane, connecting the Syr-Daria and Zarafshan Valleys, and on emerging found ourselves again on the steppe with signs of irrigation. As we approached Vany Kurgan we saw what looked in the distance like a company of Cossacks practising, but on nearer approach proved to be a hundred or more natives playing their favourite game of Kok-bari, or grey wolf. Men of various ages were on the ground, and some had mounted their boys before them to see the fun, which was not unlike a game of football. It was market day, and on such occasions when horsemen gather a goat or kid is good-naturedly seized upon belonging to some one well-to-do who has had a birth in his family or some other piece of good fortune, and the animal is killed. The president of the game then takes his position, if possible, near some steep or elevated place, and hands the goat to a horseman, who dashes down the slope at the risk of breaking his neck, and is immediately



THE PALACE OF THE LATE KHAN AT KHOKAND

vary from 2s. for a black cat or a black sheepskin, to 40s. for a black lamb skin, or again 50s. for that of a tiger.

From the bazaar we made our way to the medresse, or college, of Sultan Murad Bek, looked into some of the students' rooms, and then mounted the minaret to get a view of the town, the general aspect of which, as with other inhabited places of Central Asia, is decidedly unattractive, for patches of green are its sole adornment. Nevertheless the natives call the town *Khokand-i-Latif*, or

The Khan's throne-room, where Ambassadors used to be received, is now used for a Russian chapel, wherein the walls are highly painted and the window shutters carved. The room in which the Russian Commandant was living was filled with European curiosities at the time of taking the town, and among them were models of a railway engine and a steamboat. Another room, in which Khudaiar used in the morning to receive his Ministers, had a floor of beaten earth, with carved alabaster lei into the walls. This

pursued by the field, each rider trying to snatch away the goat before the man can bring it back to the president. The race goes on till the carcass is torn in pieces, whereupon it "goes to pot," and is boiled for a feast, after which the company are ready to seize another goat and begin again.

By tea time we reached Kamenny Most, or Stone Bridge, guarded by a Russian fort, and beyond this point descended into the lower valley of the Zarafshan, the road lying through numerous fields. We had now, in fact, entered one of the gardens of Turkestan, the flora of which was almost unknown to science until fifteen years ago. We had been honoured with an invitation to stay in Samarkand in the palace of the Governor, General Ivanoff, and telegraphed in the morning from Jizak to Samarkand to General Korolkoff to inform him of our approach, hoping to finish our journey that night; but when we reached Djimbai it was already dark, and since between that station and Samarkand we had to ford the Zarafshan, the postmaster advised us to wait until dawn, and not to risk the danger of a night crossing. We waited therefore until four o'clock, and in the grey dawn came to the banks of the Zarafshan, or "gold-strewing" stream, the fording of which I saw was to be a more serious matter than aught of the kind I had previously undertaken.

Samarkand is the one town of antiquity which Russia has in the whole of her Asiatic dominions. Its foundation is said to go back to the heroic age of Persian history, and is attributed to Keianide Kei Kaous, son of Kei-Koubad. The town was then said to be destroyed by a semi-fabulous personage, the King of the Yemen, *Chimr*, who gave to the new city he built on the old site the name of Samarkand, that is to say the town destroyed by Chimr, which name was afterwards corrupted by the Arabs to Samarkand—a story perhaps of Oriental philologists—but we know that at the time of the invasion of Alexander he took a town Maracanda, in Transoxiana, in 329 B.C. Samarkand subsequently became the capital of Sogdiana, one of the provinces formed upon the ruins of Alexander's monarchy. Subsequently it became the capital of the famous Tamerlane, at which time the wall was 10,600 paces in circumference.

We approached the city on the 28th September, and passed through an ancient cemetery, having below us on the left the mosque of Shah Zindeh, the old road leading on past the place of Bibi Khanum and the bazaar to the Khigistan or market place, bounded on three sides by the Medresses, Ulug-Beg, Shir Dar, and Tillah-Karri. Instead of following this narrow road, however, our driver turned to the

the front door opening into a spacious hall, to the right of which is the dining-room, and to the left sitting and sleeping-rooms, whilst the other half of the house is taken up with offices and bedrooms at the either end, and ball-room and drawing-room in the centre. The Russian Government provides houses of this description for Governors of provinces, and furnishes them, so that I was fairly familiar with the interior arrangements of such houses, but this palace at Samarkand was surrounded by finer gardens, and had a more imposing approach, than any other similar residence I remember to have seen.

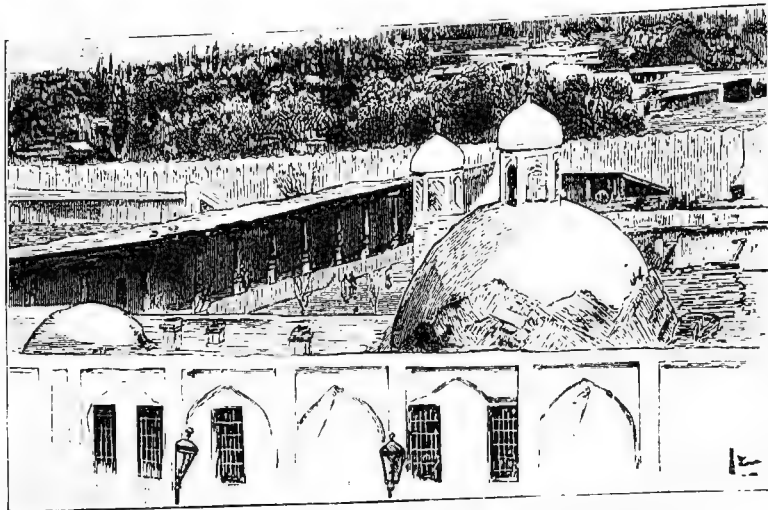
One of the great sights of Samarkand is the tomb of Tamerlane, and the Mosque of Shah Zindeh, which latter is sometimes called,

evidently a God-fearing man, but that if he uttered a word of what he had seen, he and his children, to the eighth generation, should be dumb. On regaining the earth's surface the man, threatened by Timur with death, told everything, after which it came to pass that he was struck dumb. Whereupon Timur in the interest of the poor man, for whose sin he was himself answerable, prayed to the saint, and to propitiate him erected in his honour the splendid edifice called the Shah Zindeh (or Living King). Nevertheless, says the legend, "that man and his children to the eighth generation were all dumb." Dr. Schuyler, and in part Professor Vambéry, gives a similar story to the effect that tradition tells of a Kasim bin Abbas

who came to Samarkand in early Mussulman times, and preached the Koran with great success, till on this very spot he was overcome by the infidels and beheaded. Whereupon, adroitly seizing his head, Kasim leaped into a well hard by, where he still remains ready to come forth at some future day as the Defender of Islam.

This mosque of Shah Zindeh, or, more properly, Kasim bin Abbas, is situated about a mile beyond the city gates, built as it were in stages on the side of a hill, on which there is an immense cemetery still used, and from whence are visible the seven domes of the mosque. The gateway opens upon the road, and is approached by several steps. On the right on entering is a small court, with chambers for the mollahs, and a well of excellent water, whilst on the left is a hall or mosque where service is held. When we entered worship was being conducted by a religious order called Nadamat, closely resembling the service I had seen at Constantinople of what are called the "Howling Dervishes." Mounting a flight of thirty-seven steps, high and broad, which were once covered with marble, we came to a long covered gallery flanked by two lofty chambers, and capped with cupolas. Along this gallery were pointed out to us several tombs, and among them those of a sister and uncle of Tamerlane, the enamelled work on all of them being more beautiful than any I saw elsewhere in Central Asia, unless perhaps at Kunia Urgenja. One of the mosques had a melon-shaped dome, from

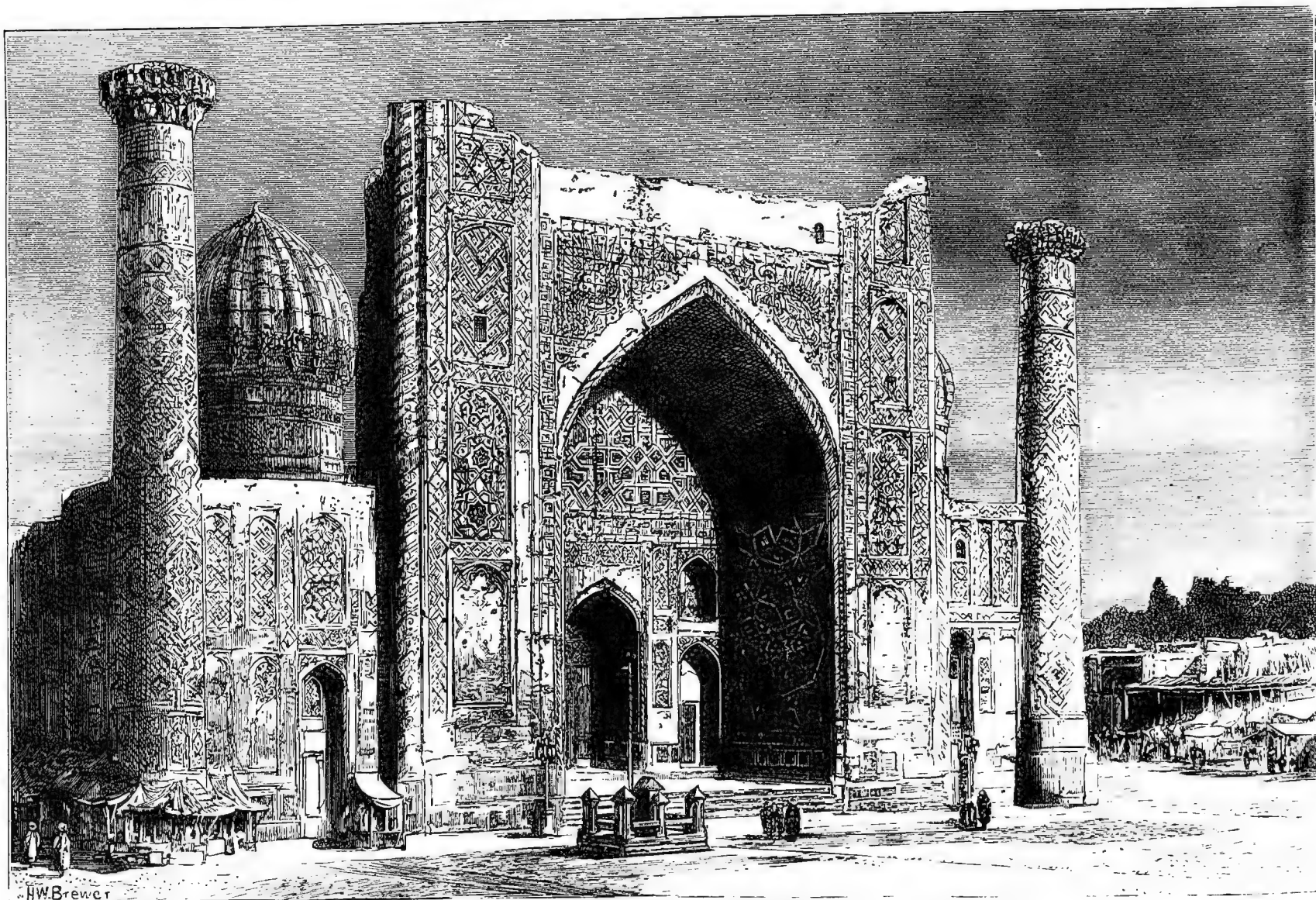
which the tiles are nearly all fallen. The narrow walls of the building are covered with mosaic, whilst the domes, supported by carved wooden columns, are full of bold yet elegant pendent work in alabaster. The walls along the staircase were formerly covered with tiling, and at the time of the Russian conquest quantities of fragments were to be picked up. The Russians have since done much to restore the building and remove the debris. At the end of the gallery we came to the ancient



THE PRISON IN THE PALACE OF THE LATE KHAN AT KHOKAND

though I know not on what grounds, the Summer Palace of Tamerlane. The building does not resemble any palace I saw in the East, nor does it consist of dwelling-rooms, but rather of places set apart for religious purposes.

The legend related by the mollahs concerning its building is that a thousand years ago there lived a saint whose name was Hazret-i-Shah-Zindeh, that he one day dug a pit, and disappeared in it, saying that he would live there for ever. Time fled on, but there



THE SHIR-DAR MEDRESSE AT SAMARKAND

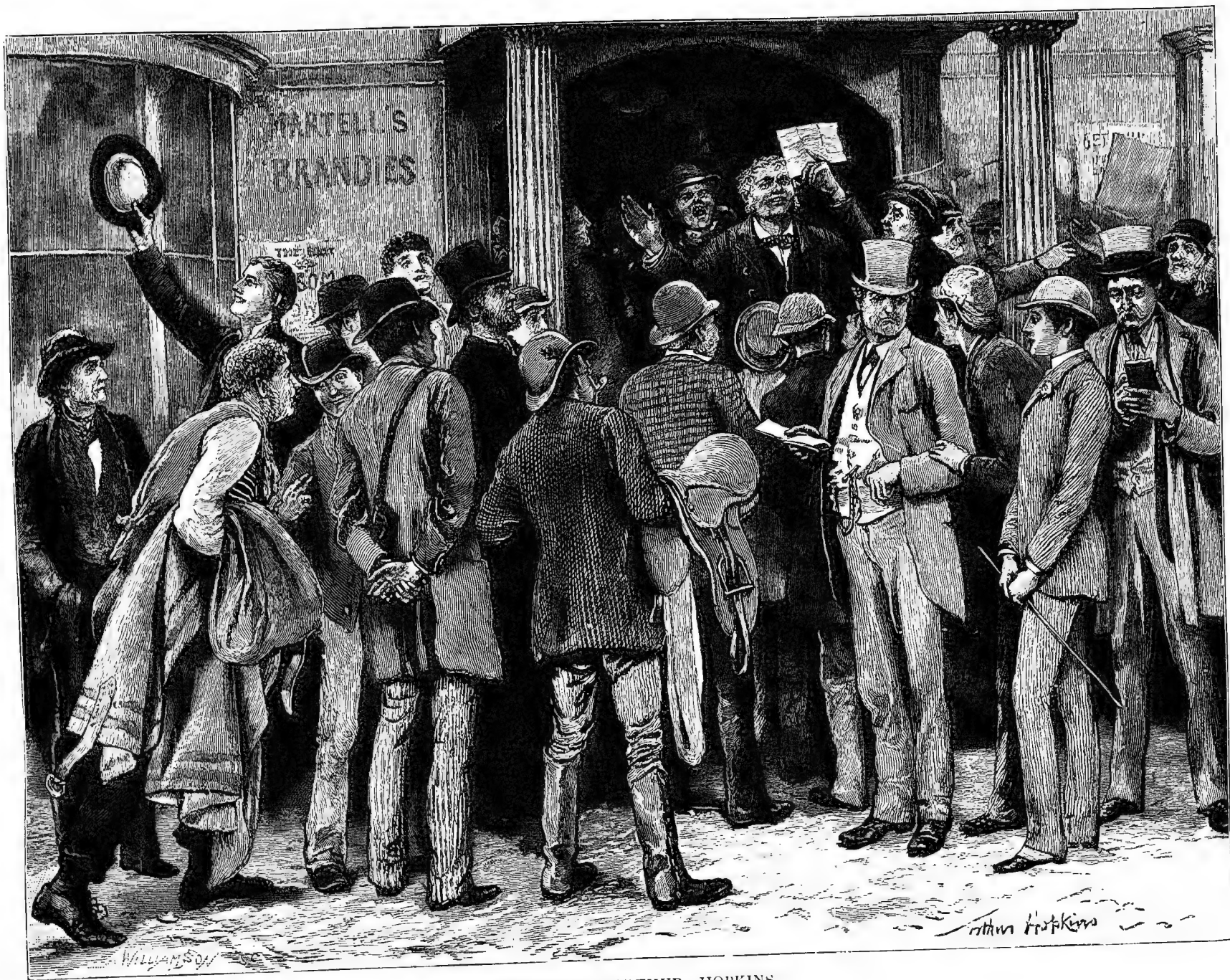
right on passing the wall, and drove down an avenue planted by the Russians skirting the eastern side of the citadel, and so brought us to the grove of trees, where is situated the palace of the Governor. General Ivanoff, its present occupant, was at Tashkend, but the soldiers in charge of his house were expecting us, and seeing that Samarkand has no European hotel, it was no small treat to find ourselves in the best mansion of the town, with everything clean and nice, including the luxury of a bath. The palace is an oblong lofty building of one story, with a massive porch midway on the longer side. The interior is divided lengthwise into two suites of rooms,

were unmistakable signs of the continued existence of the saint. Timur wishing to be convinced of the miraculous preservation of the holy man, caused several persons to be let down into the pit. But none of them came again to the top, whereupon one man volunteered to descend, directing, however, that he should be lowered head foremost, because he said it was not respectful to go down feet foremost to the saint. When the man reached the bottom of the pit he found the saint in prayer, and was so struck by his appearance that he fainted, remaining senseless for three days. When he recovered the saint told him all was well, because he was

mosque with its courts, chambers, and crypt. In one of the rooms was a door of iron grating secured by a fish-shaped lock, having behind it, dimly distinguishable, a monument of some object covered with cloths.

I was thankful to be able to bring away a few specimens of the various kind of enamelled bricks used in Samarkand, which, considering their great age, are remarkable for their beauty. In the next supplement I purpose to give my adventures in the Ill Valley in connection with our journey to Kuldja.

HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

“Here comes the tissue! Open it, somebody, and shout it out.”

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF “BREEZIE LANGTON,” “BOUND TO WIN,” “THE GREAT TONTINE,” “AT FAULT,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAITING FOR “THE WIRE”

THERE was tremendous excitement at Doncaster on the Monday before the St. Leger when it oozed out that the Dancing Master was now the property of Sir Marmaduke, and would run in his colours. It further transpired that the horse had been quietly but persistently backed to win an enormous stake, and that the money had been dribbled on in the interest of the Baronet and his friends. Bushranger also had arrived, looking excessively well, and evidently trained to the hour, and it was rumoured the Panton Lodge stable stood to win heavily on that horse. The public is much disturbed in its mind about which of Sir Marmaduke's pair to entrust with their money. Veteran turfites think it more prudent to back the pair coupled, while some good judges, remembering the Dancing Master's performance at Epsom, shake their heads and prophesy he won't be in the first three, and that if Sir Marmaduke is to win the Leger it will be by the aid of Bushranger.

The Baronet has had a very good year upon the whole, and in racing parlance taken a deal of money out of the Ring. It is whispered about that if the Dancing Master wins that erratic body will be about broke, which, when Bill Greyson hears, causes him to shake his head and remark, “That's an ominous sign. My colt's fit to run for his life, but the man or the horse to break the Ring I've never seen in all my five-and-thirty years' experience, and don't expect to.”

Jim Forrest down at Newmarket is anxiously awaiting the result of the struggle on the Town Moor. He is in a hurry to grow rich, and as we know he invested part of his Goodwood winnings on his old charge, and at a pretty remunerative price. He fidgets dreadfully. He wishes now he had not allowed his pride to stand in the way of his career, that he had gone to Doncaster to ride the Dancing Master as Sir Marmaduke had required. “Utter snobbishness,” he mutters to himself, “as if there was anything to be ashamed of. Not one of my father's old friends would think a bit the worse of me, and I should like to ride the winner of the Leger. I wonder whether he will do his best with Blackton?”

Jim is waiting with a little knot of lost spirits whose ill-luck compels them to attend to their vocations at Newmarket instead of being present at the great carnival of the North. They may be at

Newmarket in the flesh, clustering like bees in the gateway of the Rutland, but in spirit they are all on the breezy Town Moor, absorbed in the struggle for the Leger.

Will the telegram never come? The big race was set for three, and it is half-past, and still no news. Why can't these Doncaster officials keep “Newmarket time,” and have the horses in the hands of the starter to the minute? False starts! Yes, there may have been. There were sixteen that memorable year at Epsom when Macaroni did Lord Clifden a head, and Blue Mantle went to the top of the hill in thirteen of them, the race being run an hour late in consequence, and Blue Mantle's chance of a place comfortably extinguished.

Are we ever to hear— Ha! here comes the tissue! Open it, somebody, and shout it out.

FEDORA	1
COMET	2
BUSHRANGER	3

“Fedora!” murmur a score of voices. “The mare that was so badly beaten in both the Oaks in May and the Great Yorkshire Stakes last month! What was she quoted at?”

“I can't say at the post, but she was at fifty to one on Monday at Tattersalls,” and not mentioned in the betting last night at Doncaster,” quoth a gentleman in a white hat, and whose nether garments fitted his extremities like eelskins, reminding one of that apostrophe addressed to an eminent sporting character:

Look at his breeches,
Clinging like leeches
To his thin legs.

“Ah!” responded a bulbous-nosed man whose artistically folded white scarf was decorated with a fox's tooth pin, “these 'ere naves upsets all calculations with their will and their won't sort of conduct.”

“And Newmarket ain't in it,” said a pimply-faced man, in a querulous, piping voice.

“Not in it!” said the gentleman with the attenuated legs.

“Why it's placed third, and what do you call that?”

“Not a morsel of use when I've backed it to be placed first,” piped the pimply-faced one. “I know what happened. He's been fooled away, that's what he has. Sir Marmaduke may be

clever, but he's just like all these young 'uns, he's too dashed clever to last. He went for a tremendous stake over an uncertain brute like the Dancing Master, and he sacrificed Bushranger to make the running for the other. He ought to have won, that's what he ought. Rode his head off, that's what they did,” and muttering something about there being a wonderful lot of dashed fools about, the pimply-faced gentleman retired in high dudgeon.

“Old Sammy don't like it when his pick don't win, and he's a tidy judge, too, and pricks the garter oftener than most of us,” observed the bulbous-nosed man, with a comprehensive wink at the company, “and now, if anybody's had a good race, and wants to know what I'll take, I'm agreeable to give it a name.”

“Yes; you're generally that,” remarked the spidery-legged one sarcastically, without much reference to circumstances. “I went for this Dancing Master myself, and he don't warrant my calling for ‘pop.’ But lor, here's Mr. Forrest; he knows all about the colt that made such a show of all our Newmarket horses last April. What is it? Can't he stay? or is it his beastly temper?”

“I should think he wasn't in the humour,” replied Jim sentimentously, as he turned to walk away and digest the news. He wondered whether the grey would have run better in his hands, and what it was that had upset the colt.

The next morning's papers contained a full account of the race; and it appeared thereby that the man of the pimples had been tolerably right in his deductions. Most of the writers were of opinion that Bushranger's chance had been deliberately sacrificed in the interest of Dancing Master, for which horse he had avowedly made running. He had finished a fair third, and with unflinching gameness, after forcing the pace nearly the whole way; and it seemed to be the general belief that, had he been handled in more judicious fashion, he would most certainly have proved a thorn in the winner's side at the finish, if he had not fairly beaten her. Comet was pronounced to have shown himself a wonderfully good horse, considering the infirmity of his understandings had precluded his being quite wound up to concert pitch. The winner and the Dancing Master were pronounced alike the bane of those thorough-going backers of horses, who, betting in small sums simply for sport's sake, were guided mainly in their investments by public form. “What are we to say concerning these two most unsatisfactory animals?” asked one of the cleverest of the critical band.

shutters (by which arrangement the hanging space is greatly increased), are crowded a host of drawings and pictures, from those by Sir John himself to a fine Canaletto and the four "Election" masterpieces by the great Hogarth. In the basement of this back garden building, the smallest parts of which go by imposing names, we find the "Monk's Parlour," from which we get a peep into his cell, all subdued and gloomy. Beyond here, amidst models of tombs, cinerary urns, and antique vases and casts, is the celebrated Egyptian sarcophagus discovered by Belzoni, which Sir John had the taste to purchase, though it was declined by the British Museum.

Returning upstairs, we enter the "Breakfast-Room," perhaps the prettiest room in the house. Its soft, mellow cross-lights reflected from polished frames, tiny mirrors, and metal knobs, its peeps through the many open doors and windows, and the charm of the sweet-toned chime of the clock, make this room a spot to linger in. The staircase, itself crowded with interest, adding to which is another closed room, leads to the "Drawing-Rooms," where is perhaps, to be found the chief attraction of the Museum—viz. the incomparable "Rake's Progress," by Hogarth. Chief amongst the treasures in the back room is the picture by Turner, for the purchase of which, whatever his friends may have thought at the time, posterity fully vindicates Sir John. Some valuable manuscripts and first editions of "Shakespeare" are also exhibited here. The two top rooms contain a number of models in cork of ancient ruins, drawings, pictures, and models of statuary. The windows from these rooms command a very pretty view of the square.

Altogether this is the quaintest, prettiest, and most valuable collection by one individual we can expect to meet with, and will well repay a visit.



"ISHMAEL" (3 vols. : J. and R. Maxwell) is curiously unlike any former work from the pen of Miss Braddon. That authoress has occasionally made, as if by way of experiment, a new departure from the style of fiction with which her name is identified : but never any to the extent of "Ishmael," which, had it appeared anonymously, few readers would have conjectured to be hers. Neither its merits, which are many and striking, nor its faults, which are not a few, and are grave of their kind, are characteristically hers. It is not by way of praise, for example, that we must ascribe to the novel a very decided flavouring of "Ouida" : and if this be due to an imprudent ambition on the part of Miss Braddon to add to her own laurels those of a more showy but infinitely less honourable kind, the new departure is to be deplored. It may be, however, that the unquestionable similarity is less due to intention than to the nature of the plot and its local colouring, and perhaps also to the infectious character of the taste of the hour. Again, it has always hitherto been among Miss Braddon's leading merits that she knows how to keep her story close together, without any sort of diffuseness or breaking the continuity of interest : whereas its construction is about the weakest point about "Ishmael." The novel is disconnected, long and important intervals affecting more than one generation being passed over in silence, while the stage, whenever the curtain rises, is overcrowded. With all its faults, however, the novel is full of interest, and contains characters and episodes of unusual strength, both of a picturesque and of a dramatic kind. Ishmael himself is a signally powerful creation. Nor is there any want of variety—except in the matter of faithless wives, who become monotonous in their number and in the regularity with which they go wrong. We have the *Coup d'Etat* of December, 1851 : a striking description of the *chiffonniers'* quarter, and of the existence led therein ; a humorous study of some little-known eccentricities of Parisian literary life ; and an entire gallery of portraits, grotesque or pathetic, or both combined. Among the best-told episodes may be singled out that in which Ishmael and his half brothers are lost on the sands of Mont St. Michel : and there are others scarcely inferior. The novel is distinctly successful, despite its inequalities. But, though it is certain to be found interesting, that it will suit everybody's taste is not to be supposed.

In "Out of their Element" (3 vols. : R. Bentley and Son), Lady Margaret Majendie has undertaken the study of a character too extravagant for realisation and much too morbid for sympathy. Bianca, the character in question, is a fanatic for Italy and all things Italian during the stormy times of Charles Albert. Condemned to a life of love and happiness in England, she lapses into an apparently hopeless melancholy, from which she undergoes a startling reaction as soon as the husband, whose devotion she treats with the most odious and selfish ingratitude, brings her back to Italy to save her. For her sake he sacrifices all his ambitions and prospects, only to find in her the same morbid and sentimental selfishness which we cannot consent to identify with enthusiasm in any sense short of lunacy. The gloom of the story is extreme, despite its agreeable style, and the graceful and sometimes amusing passages with which it is brightened here and there. The love-making of the hoyden Jacqueline, for example, and that model of all the proprieties, Roger Fitzroy, provides a welcome set-off in the shape of humour. Jacqueline both "before" and "after the Reformation" will be found worth a hundred Biancas by most readers. The period of the story, and the part of its action referring to Florence, are well described. Indeed with the literary qualities of the work no exception can possibly be taken. The leading faults lie in its perfectly futile attempt to create interest in and sympathy with a hopelessly uninteresting and unsympathetic heroine, and in its creation of characters only to condemn them to perfectly unnecessary wretchedness. The moral seems to be, that certain persons are doomed to be absolutely unintelligible. And, when that is the case, they are certainly best left alone by any pen not strong enough to prove them at least human and sane.

"My Lord Conceit" (3 vols. : J. and R. Maxwell) is so far an improvement upon the former works of the lady who writes under the name of "Rita," that it is fairly well constructed, and is based upon much stronger and fuller materials than she has been in the habit of dealing with. Her plot is neither very probable nor very novel, but it is of a kind which seldom fails to stimulate a certain amount of curiosity. A murder and its detection, if it shows any ingenuity, is a safe card to play. So also, for some inscrutable reason, appears to be that barbarous practice of sentimental novelists—literary infanticide. "Rita" has adopted this morbid and hackneyed perversion of pathos in wholesale style—she brings children into her story for apparently the sole pleasure of killing them : at any rate no other motive is to be discovered. The trick for catching a tear has surely been overdone by this time, and the child whose little oddities evidently destined it for an early grave is in much danger of becoming a bore. Strength in portraiture is not to be looked for from Rita's pen, nor has she attempted it in "My Lord Conceit." She has prudently contented herself with making her somewhat feeble personages the sport of impulses and circumstances, and, by attempting nothing beyond her powers, has thus done adequate justice to them. Beyond her tendency to excessive sentimentality, there is very little to say by way of fault-finding : and no doubt this very excess will prove a charm to a very numerous body of readers.

We have received the following novels and tales, which want of

space precludes our reviewing at length : "Gaythorne Hall" by John M. Fothergill (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett) ; "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend," by Mrs. Herbert Martin (1 vol. : Griffith and Farran) ; and "The Red House in the Suburbs," by Mrs. Robert O' Reilly (1 vol. : Hodder and Stoughton).

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

ONCE more Father Christmas' Library opens its doors, and it well-filled shelves offer a plentiful choice, alike to the drawing-room and the nursery, to the picture-lover and the story devourer, to the excitement-craving lad and the sentimental lass. The first volume taken down proves to be an old friend in a new dress—one of the familiar Ingoldsby Legends, "The Lay of St. Aloys" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), which Mr. E. M. Jessop has illustrated in much the same quaint and entertaining fashion as he lately treated the "Jackdaw of Rheims." The artist's pencil is as full of satire as the author's text, and cleverly brings into relief every humorous point in the ditty of the pious Bishop of Blois and the sacrilegious Jew. Moreover, whether in his more important drawings of the smug monks and the ecclesiastical paraphernalia, in the elaborate initial letters, or in the tiny outlines scattered amongst the verse itself, Mr. Jessop shows the same artistic feeling and minute attention to detail. —Descending to a lower art-level, another "auld acquaintance"—this time of the nursery—is Hans Andersen's Ugly Duckling, which Miss Marion Wingrave has well rendered into picture and verse as "Quacks" (Ward, Lock). Perhaps Miss Wingrave has not made the unlucky duckling ugly enough to justify the ill-treatment he received, but her drawings are charming, both in design and colour. —Little peoples' doings in everyday existence provide material for the next quartet. The most attractive is "Under Mother's Wing" (Wells Gardner), where "J. K." has fitted pretty fanciful sketches to the short stories told by the author of "Children Busy," but there are also some agreeable tales by Sydney Grey in "Story-land" (Religious Tract Society), accompanying R. Barnes' bright pictures, while the pathetic episode sung in feeble verse by "W. W. B." in "A Boy Hero" (Wells Gardner), has the double advantage of being true and of being gracefully illustrated by H. Miles. Neither H. Frith's poetic pen, nor Eugen Klimsch's brush is specially strong in "Happy Child Life" (Ward, Lock), though the coloured are better than the tinted cuts, which suspiciously resemble old German blocks. Probably the good clear engravings of "Pretty Pictures for Our Little Ones," and "Bible Pictures and Stories" (Partridge), with Mr. J. Weston's easy explanations, are more likely to attract the nursery. —And for Sunday reading mothers will welcome "The Sweet Story of Old" (Religious Tract Society), wherein Miss Hesba Stretton summarises the Gospel narrative in brief, simple terms. Miss Stretton exactly keeps in mind the capabilities of her youthful public, and appropriately dwells more at length on the youth of Our Lord. —On weekdays young people may accompany "Uncle Jonathan" in some pleasant "Walks In and Around London" (Woolmer), whence they will glean plenty of information about the monuments and sights of their own city, often better known to country cousins than to little Cockneys.

The boys' share of the budget is as usual concerned with miraculous adventures in far-off lands. Sound, stirring stories they are too, though Baron Münchhausen has occasionally lent a hand to weaving the web of fancies. Thus Mr. S. Whitchurch Sadler is again ready to spin a lively sea yarn about slave-hunting in "The African Cruiser" (Griffith and Farran), while Mr. Alfred St. Johnston's exciting experiences of the two castaways on a desert island, "Charlie Asgarde" (Macmillan), contains a spice of novelty by one of the heroes being obliged to cast in his lot with the Fijian cannibals. Perils from sea, fire, earth, and man in particular, sorely beset the characters of "The Pirate Island" (Blackie), whom Harry Collingwood brings triumphantly to a safe haven ; and, following on these rousing narratives, F. Bayford Harrison's chronicle of the Crusades, "Brothers in Arms" (Blackie), seems a trifle cold and tame. But it is not easy either to graft fiction upon history, or to catch the tone of the period, and the author's truthful compilation may press home some dry historical facts into heedless brains. —Prosaic beings, who prefer reality to imagination, will find equally heroic deeds in "Stories of the Sea in Former Days" and "Adventures in Field, Flood, and Forest" (Blackie). These are capital prize-books, as they mostly steer clear of hackneyed anecdotes, and deal with comparatively unknown incidents. Gordon Browne well illustrates the three last volumes. —Dr. Macaulay's "True Tales" (Hodder and Stoughton) is in the same interesting vein, but embraces a wider field, ranging from religion and politics to biography and exploration. —To return to Storyland, lads are brought into a quieter atmosphere by the frank, natural picture of friendship between two German students and a French soldier, drawn by Mr. Bertz in "The French Prisoners" (Macmillan). The three heroes are nice honest young fellows, not too good to be natural.

The Franco-Prussian War also provides the framework for "Who is the Victor?" (London Literary Society), a high-flown novelette, by C. M. K. Phipps, with a slight disregard for history and a tendency to render French expressions literally as a means of imparting local colour. Does the author know that the plot is nearly identical with that of the comedietta *Our Bitterest Foe* ? Still, this mild romance is not so hopelessly tedious as Miss M. Bird's carefully-studied tale of the Lost Tribes of Israel, "Una" (Warne). Here the author sets forth in story form the theory that the Anglo-Saxon race are identical with the Lost Ten Tribes, and liberally sprinkles her pages with lengthy moral soliloquies, sermons, and involved theological discussions likely to be appreciated by a very small fraction of the reading public. It is refreshing to take up Miss Sarah Doudney's "A Long Lane with a Turning" (Hodder and Stoughton), a pleasing and sensible record of two girls' lives, related in the writer's usual unaffected style, or those homely scenes of Sussex village life which Mrs. O'Reilly portrays so well. There is a breezy air of the downs about her work, whether in the short stories of "Meg's Mistake," or the more elaborate "Reed Farm" (Hodder and Stoughton), with the gentle life of poor Chris witnessing to the power of good influence.

It seems, however, as if the heathen axiom, "whom the gods love die young," haunted many writers, for in a large share of the books before us the nicest people die early. Thus, besides the pathetic ending of "Reed Farm," it needs the death of a beloved teacher to bend "A Boy's Will" (Nisbet), and bring the hero into the right path,—an impressive story for village lads, nevertheless, as narrated by Miss E. L. Davis. Again, though sweet little Dolly realises "Her Great Ambition" (Wells Gardner) by dying in the act of saving others, her fate seems unnecessary to point the moral of a brightly-written story for children ; nor is the advantage clear of killing Mike and his sister to sadden the happy holiday of "N. or M." (same publishers)—more members of that endless Bright family, whose biography is busily pursued by the author of "Honor Bright." Certainly those agreeable little bells, the five sisters of Miss E. Marshall's "Silver Chimes" (Nisbet), and their spoilt cousin, manage to supply an amusing family chronicle and sundry improving lessons, without funereal solemnities. —Now the younger ones pass out of family life into more imaginative realms. Here is Mrs. Molesworth to lead them through the most delightful "Christmas Tree Land" (Macmillan), amidst fir forests, fairy godmothers, and talking animals, and to show them happy lovable children instead of the provoking, attractively naughty maidens she has lately adopted. This is one of the most charming recent efforts of Mrs. Molesworth's

pen, and, as often before, Walter Crane's illustrations fully carry out the spirit of her dream.—Birds, beasts, and fishes are the chief actors alike of Beata Francis's merry farmyard chronicles, "Slyboots" (Hodder and Stoughton), and the Rev. J. Croft's amusing "Effie, and Her Strange Acquaintances" (Griffith and Farran), while the flowers take up the parable in "The Rivals of the Cornfield," by the author of "Genevieve's Story" (same publishers), and point out every one's work in the world and the elves of "Three Fairy Tales," by "Pan" (Griffith and Farran), are equally alive to give unsuspected moral hints.—Three little volumes from the same publishers are meant for prizes, short stories being provided by "Aunt Mary's Bran Pie," by the author of "St. Olave's," and the same writer's "Sunnyland Stories," and a salutary example of timidity conquered given by N. d'Anvers' "Parted."

The cry is, "still they come," to the reprints of "Robinson Crusoe." Last year some half-dozen editions appeared, and now Messrs. Blackie publish a fresh version, carefully reproduced from the original, with numerous good illustrations by Gordon Browne.—Our tried friends, the annual volumes of the juvenile magazines, have long won their spurs, and need no more than the remark that on our table lie "The Boys' Own Annual," "The Girls' Own Annual" (Leisure Hour Office), "Aunt Judy's Magazine" (Bemrose), "Sunday" (Wells Gardner), "The Family Friend," "Friendly Visitor," "Children's Friend," "Infants' Magazine," "Band of Hope Review," "British Workman," and sundry Almanacs (Partridge).

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

FOR many years we have received accounts of the practical employment of "oil on troubled waters," and have more than once given detailed accounts of experiments which have been made in this direction. But it is not too much to say that some independent testimony as to the real benefit derived from this method of calming the angry sea was much to be desired. Such a testimony we have in the carefully-drawn report of Captain Chetwynd, the Chief Inspector of Lifeboats to our National Lifeboat Association.

Captain Chetwynd does not think quite so much of the system as the reports of isolated cases where it has been tried might have led some to expect. His report is based on carefully conducted experiments which have been made at different points upon the coast, and upon the evidence of others as to what has been accomplished in the open sea. He considers that oil is useless for lifeboat work, as it has no effect upon such surf as lifeboats are generally called upon to face. But for small boats it is highly valuable, a canvas bag of oil hung over the bows often enabling such craft to live in a sea that would be fatal without such aid. For calming the sea locally during the operation of lowering a boat from a ship's side oil can also be usefully employed, and Captain Chetwynd is also of opinion that every ship's boat should carry oil, together with the simple appliances for utilising it.

The late Sir Erasmus Wilson's munificent bequest to the Royal College of Surgeons is expected to reach the sum of 200,000*l.* It is reported that a large proportion of the bequest will be devoted to founding an establishment for scientific research for the use of practitioners and advanced students.

Major J. Jones, R.E., has proposed an employment for balloons which has the rare advantages of being both practicable and useful. He suggests that by means of small balloons—such as are generally sent up in advance of an ascent—proclamations could be sown broadcast over the Soudan ; the inhabitants of that unfortunate country obtaining by this means some idea of what they are fighting for. Major Jones would cause the papers to be suspended from the balloons by wires of different lengths, arranged so that they could be detached at short intervals by the explosion of a small charge of powder. But we may remind him that a balloon bill distributor already exists. It consists of a long piece of wood suspended horizontally from the balloon. To this are attached a number of strings impregnated with nitre, so as to form slow matches. At intervals along these strings are affixed packets of bills, each protected from burning by a thin metal plate. As the fire gradually creeps up the strings the packets are released, and the circulars are widely separated before they reach the ground beneath.

It is rather an unusual circumstance for an electric ray to be caught on our coasts, although we believe that no less than three species are common to the Atlantic. But a fish of the kind was taken in a seine net the other day at Porthleven, Cornwall. It measured three and a-half feet in length, and scaled just half-a-hundredweight. Its mouth contained a conger eel and a bass—both over two feet long.

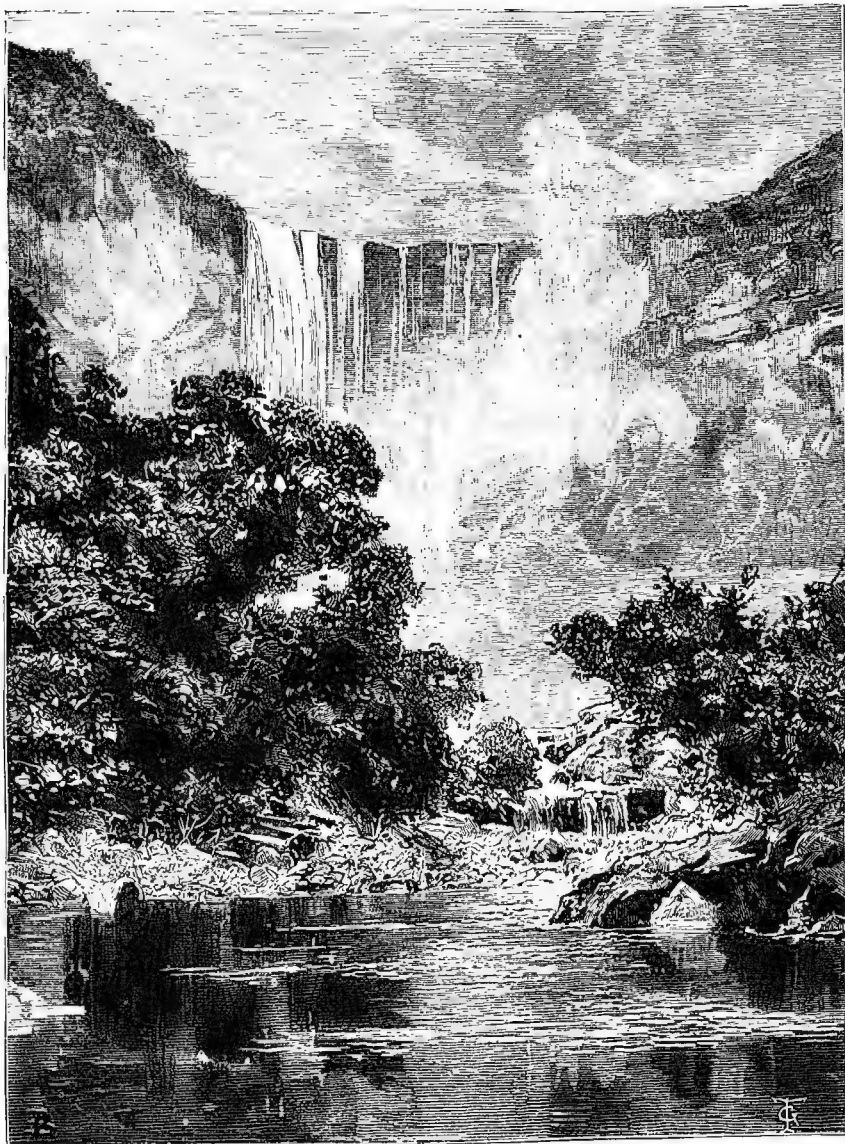
Some experiments have lately been instituted by the Admiralty authorities at Portsmouth, with a view to testing the efficiency of Edison's incandescent lamps as signal and mast-head lights. The lamps used are of course much more powerful than the little glass bulb lights which are now so familiar to us all. Their light value is fifty candles. It was found that this electric light was incomparably more intense than the oil lamp it supplanted, and that even a sixteen-candle lamp showed a distinct advantage over the older system. The lights were for comparison placed side by side—the old and the new—and were viewed by experts at a distance of one mile. Now that our ships are fitted with the electric search light, the addition of mast-head and side lights could readily be made.

The leading musicians and instrument makers of Germany are petitioning Prince Bismarck to establish a normal musical pitch in the empire—in the hope that other nations may be induced to adopt it. At the next South Kensington Exhibition, which it will be remembered includes musical instruments in its catalogue of attractions, the same subject is to receive special attention—a sub-committee having already been appointed to consider it. It is certainly true that something was done in this direction—for at present vocalists are called upon to sing classical music at a pitch a semitone higher than its composer ever intended. The lowering of the normal pitch to what it was in the time of Beethoven and Handel will delight most modern musicians. But it will not be so agreeable to those composers who have written for the modern philharmonic pitch, and who will naturally want to have their works rendered in the keys they have chosen for them.

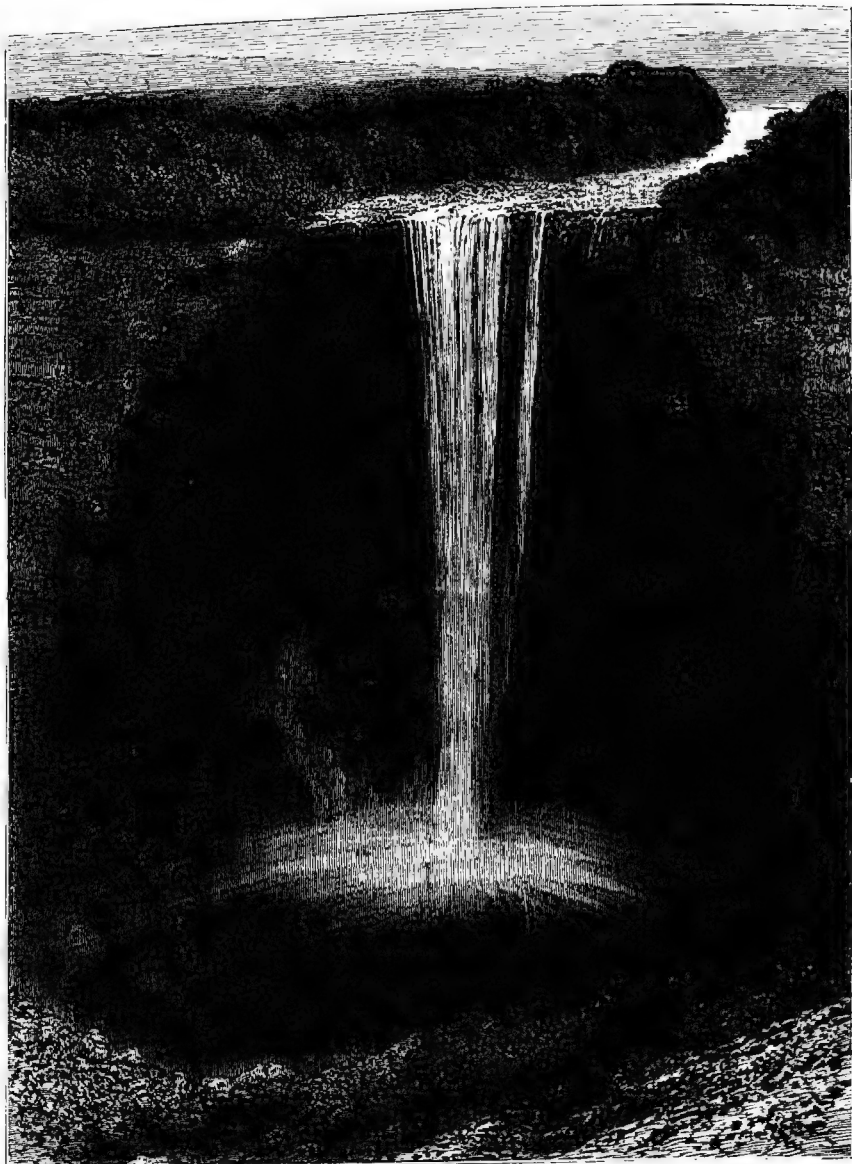
The recent scare with regard to the alleged unwholesomeness of tinned foods has led to the proposal that mild steel should be used instead of the common tinned iron, of which the cans are now made. It is believed that in cases where the food has been found to be tainted, the imperfection may be due, not to the soldering, but to the use of faulty iron. Mild steel can now be produced so cheaply, that the change can be made without much additional cost.

In an article in *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. F. A. Paley gives a very interesting account of the way in which sand dunes are formed. A grass with long and tough roots finds its home on the sea coast, and conveys moisture to the surface of the ground by capillary attraction. This moisture serves to arrest any loose grains of sand which may be blown near the plant, and the foundation of the hummock is thus laid, which as it increases, is held together in a compact form by the interlacing roots of the same grass.

The Midland Institute have recently published a pamphlet giving particulars of the experiments which they have lately caused to be made relative to the efficiency of the various forms of safety lamps for the use of miners which are now before the public. It will be remembered that no lamp which competed for the prize of 500*l.* offered through the Society of Arts a few months back fulfilled the required conditions. It is evident from a perusal of the results of these experiments that a really safe lamp is a thing of the future.

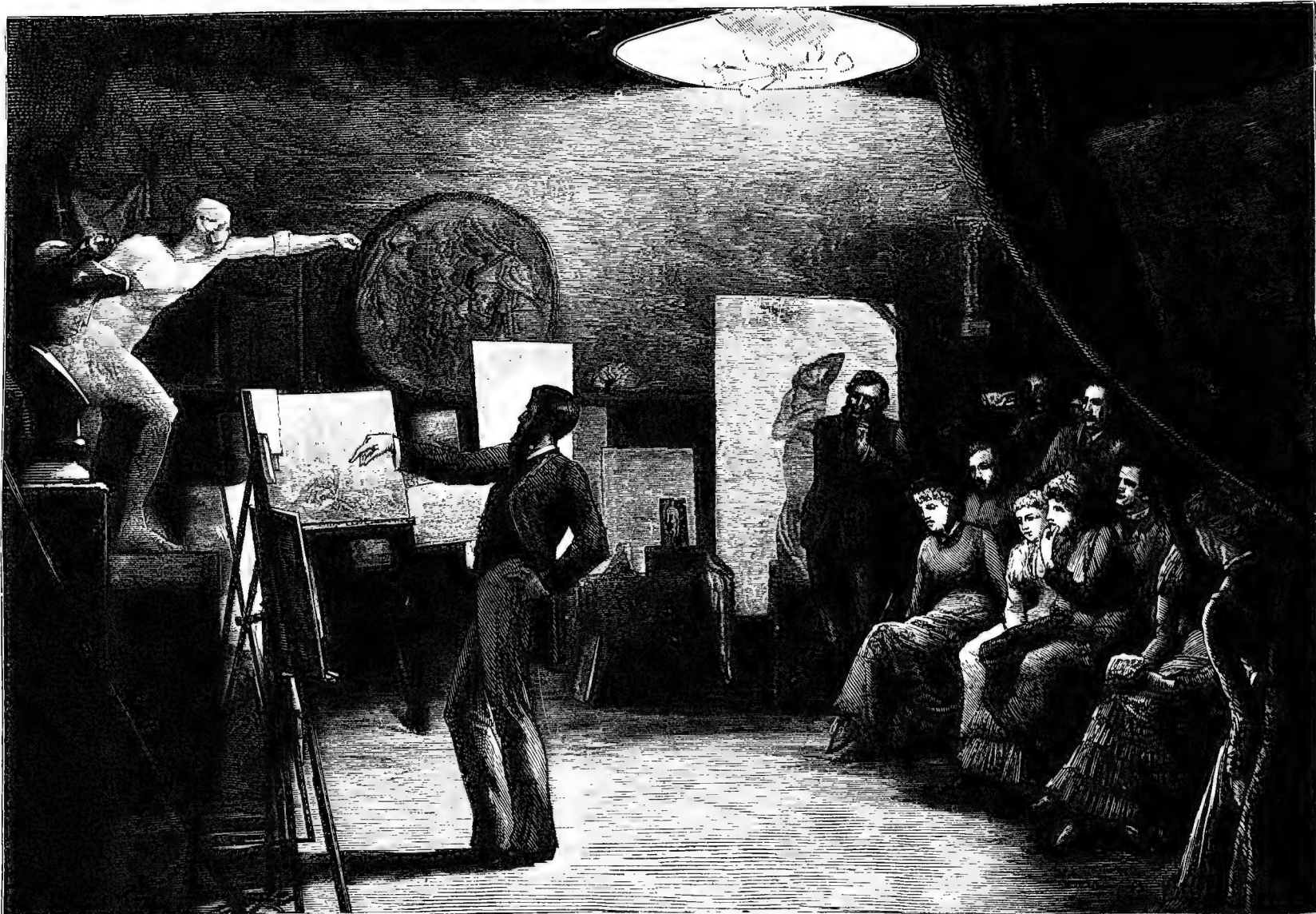


FROM BELOW

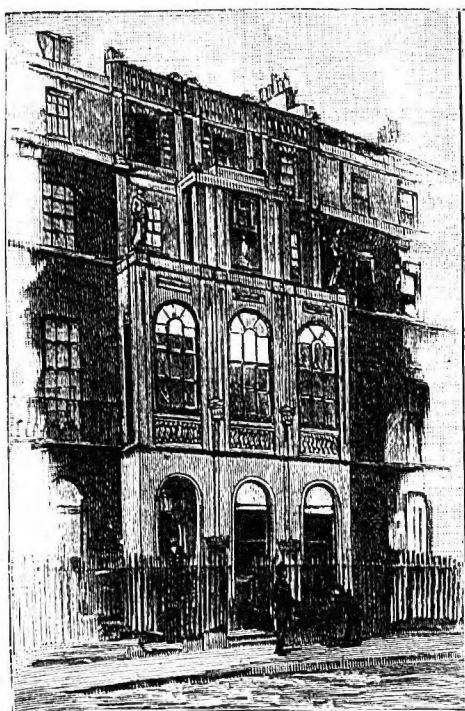


FROM ABOVE

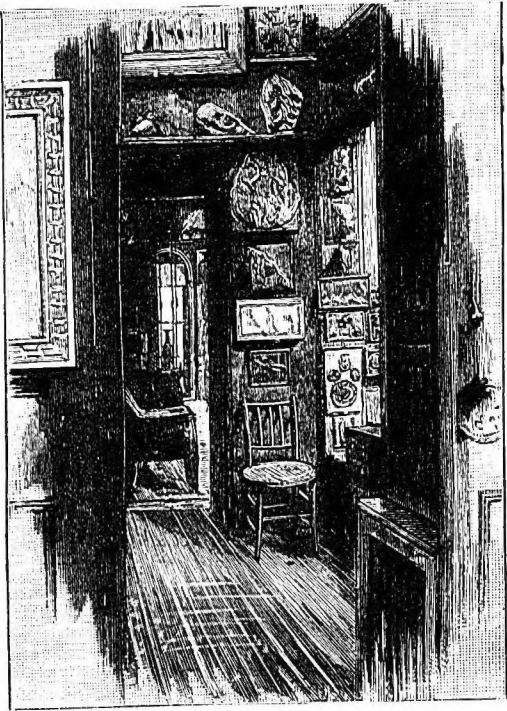
THE KAIETEUR FALLS, BRITISH GUIANA



AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY INSPECTING THE LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART



EXTERIOR



LOOKING THROUGH THE LITTLE STUDY INTO
THE DINING-ROOM AND LIBRARY



THE MORNING ROOM



A CORNER IN THE "MONK'S PARLOUR"



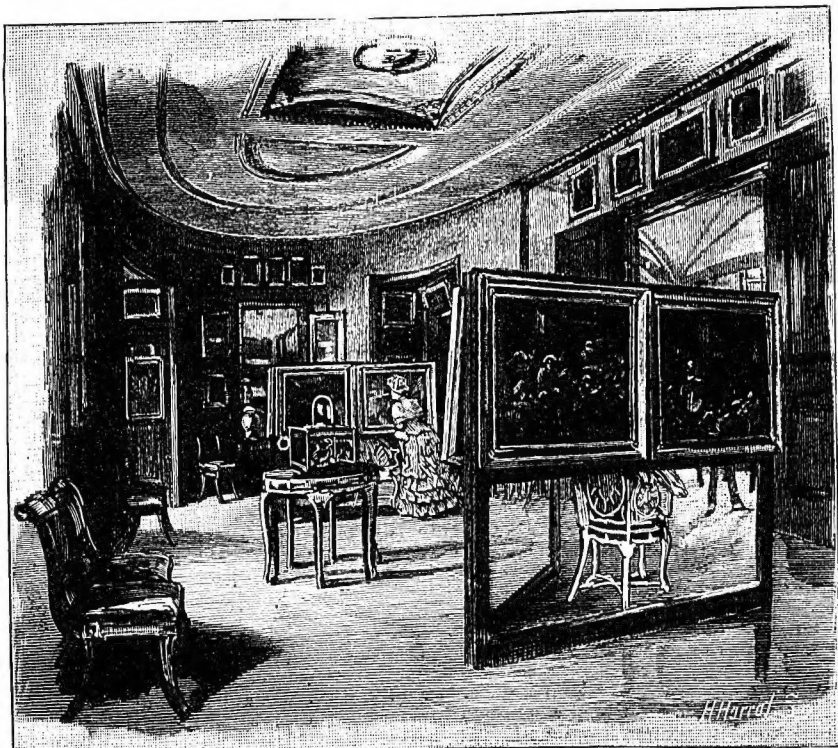
SIR JOHN SOANE, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR
THOMAS LAWRENCE



IN THE SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER



THE BREAKFAST ROOM



THE DRAWING ROOM

The old "Davy" is safe enough in still air—but is no longer so in such a draught as is often experienced in the workings of a mine. The newer lamps all seem to fail when submitted to a current of gas-laden air which travels beyond a certain velocity. T. C. H.

HALLOWE'EN

To the great majority of us nowadays the 31st of October comes and goes as do all other days of the year, though for centuries it has been to the youthful peasantry of Scotland one of the red-letter days of the year. The name given to this night—Hallowe'en—is believed to be not nearly so old as the institution itself, as it could have got this name no earlier than that year of the seventh century in which the festival of All-Saints or All-Hallows was instituted.

It was—and evidently is—believed that on that night all manner of good and evil spirits had liberty to wander whither they would, willing, Ariel-like, to do good or evil deeds, or to summon up any apparition at the bidding of some country Prospero. Some men and lads more heretical in this respect than their neighbours, or perhaps believing that these *spirits* would be the better of a helping hand, go out and perhaps take a cart from a farmer's yard and run it into a pool half-a-mile away. Some take a plough and set it on end on the top of a neighbouring hill, while others exchange the horses of people who reside three or four miles apart—for in most rural parts of Scotland outhouses are seldom locked. When a few pranks of this kind have been performed, it is no uncommon thing for a venturesome fellow to get on the roof of one of these thatched houses, from which the smoke escapes by means of a hole in the roof, and if he sees that the folk inside are getting their supper cooked, he thrusts his hand through the opening and seizes the chain which suspends the pot over the fire and draws it up, while the old folk open their mouths in astonishment as it circles towards the roof, and ultimately disappears through the chimney. Suddenly they recollect that it is Hallowe'en, and make a stampede to the door to catch, and wreak their vengeance on the mischief-maker, but they find the door is held firmly, and is allowed to be opened only when the pot has been placed opposite it and all are ready for a race. In the case of a properly-constructed chimney this would not of course succeed, but should the owner of such a chimney be a cantankerous person, and obnoxious to the youths, they are not to be put off their game by any such trivial circumstance; and so they cautiously approach the door, and, by means of ropes and planks, soon make egress impossible. One of the band next proceeds to the roof, and throws turnip after turnip down the chimney, till the good old brown "purty" teapot, from which the good wife is just about to draw her evening solace, lies in shivers on the hearth. But they have not done with their prisoners yet. A large cabbage stock is, root end foremost, thrust down the chimney—and left there, and, as a consequence, the good folk inside find it convenient to go to bed supperless. Next morning the good man, hungry and angry, finds that he can have no breakfast till the chimney be cleared. He mounts the roof and finds that the cabbage refuses to be pulled up, and can be got to go down only with great labour. Such innocent sports as banging the doors with turnips, and of letting a piece of glass fall on a stone after a blow has been dealt to the window-sash, is practised only by *very little* folk. It ought to be added that the perpetrators of such deeds are not in the least afraid of being brought to justice, and to such as threaten they complacently answer, "It's Hallowe'en; and we can do what we like."

Though such escapades are considered grand fun, yet they carry with them no meaning, and give no token of that unknowable future into which all seem so anxious to peer, and some part of which is to be revealed on this night, if at all.

The pulling of cabbages (blindsfolded, of course), and from their quality and construction predicting the characteristics of the puller's future conjugal partner, though it seems to have been one of the chief means of vaticination in the time of Burns, has in most places fallen into disuse, perhaps through the strong objection which the good man had to this wholesale destruction of his kail-yard. Lovers now deem it much more satisfactory to summon and get a view of some spirit wearing the image of their future spouse; and there are several ways of doing this. If, after counting nine divots (pieces of turf used for roofing houses) nine consecutive times, nothing appears, let the person run round a corn-stack nine times, and, if still nothing appears, let him (or her) go to the barn, and there, with doors off the hinges, let the motion of winnowing corn with a fan be gone through three times, and if after this no lover is seen, let the person go into the house, and there divide an apple into nine parts, throw one of these over the left shoulder and eat the others with a fork before a mirror. If nothing now appears, the performer may rest assured that there is nothing for it but to live a single life. Of course one need not expect to see anything if every particular has not been strictly observed; and so much faith do many people put in these performances that, from sheer nervousness, they dare not complete them, but often stop short at the eighth round of the stack, or the second fanful of corn.

A custom much in vogue in Burns' day, but now seldom practised, was to sow a handful of hemp seed, and, while harrowing it with a gairp, or pitch-fork, to repeat the words, "Hemp seed, I sow thee; come after me and show thee," and then, by looking over the left shoulder, the image of the invoked person was to be seen pulling hemp. Burns, in his poem on "Hallowe'en," tells of the fright poor Jamie Fleck got while thus engaged.

For the youngsters who are afraid to go out and seek to know their fortune in the dark, as well as for the old folk who think of the past rather than the future, lots of fun is provided indoors.

The great sport inside has for a long time been ducking for apples in a tub of water, and many a "towsy" young head that refuses to be touched with water except on a Sunday morning willingly follows a rosy apple through a foot of chilly water, and brings it up with a beaming face amid the cheers of the company. For those who are afraid of the water an apple is hung from the ceiling, and as it swings pendulum fashion it must be caught in the teeth by those who would have it. But inside as out most of the ceremonies are performed with a view to the unveiling of the future. If any are very particular about knowing the colour of the hair of their future partner let them take a burning peat and put it in the tub in which the apples have been ducked for, and as it sinks it will assume the colour of that still-to-be-seen hair, whether it be black, red, or golden. Another ceremony, sometimes also performed on New Year's Eve—but considered more true on Hallowe'en—is to conceal a ring, thimble, button, and sixpence in a large basin of mashed potatoes. The basin is placed on the middle of a large table, round which the company sit, and when the light is turned off all eat as hard as they possibly can till the various articles have been found. The ring betokens early marriage, the button and thimble, celibacy, and the sixpence, wealth to the lucky finders.

Burning nuts to show the fidelity of a lover seems to be a practice still common all over Britain, but that of advancing blindsfolded to three plates, containing respectively clean water, dirty water, and nothing, and showing by the plate dipped into whether the person is to marry a maiden, widow, or none at all, has now fallen into considerable disuse.

But all these portents, good though they be, are as nothing to a Highland youth compared with the "reading of glasses." The first requisite, in order to have one's fortune told in this way, is to find a woman with a "familiar spirit," by which is meant a woman well up in the foibles and dispositions of the young folk who seek

her, and possessed of a strong imagination, and a good "gift of the gab" to give it utterance. When she has got a dozen youngsters round her, she is willing enough to make them happy, and has them to cast lots, for, of course, the fortunes of the various parties would to cast lots, for, of course, the fortunes of the various parties would to read wrongly if they came up in wrong order. She then fills a whisky-glass—wine-glasses not being common in the North of Scotland—with clean water, cracks an egg, and lets a few drops of the white fall into the glass, and after watching the surface-bubbles and perpendicular streaks intently for some time, she reads such fortunes as, "The person whose cup this is will go a long journey, and come back laden with money. He will lose his present sweetheart, but will perform another journey, and come back with a heart, but will perform another journey, and come back with a beautiful and good wife;" and so on *ad libitum*. The next in order comes up, but there is no use in wasting any more of this "fay" woman's egg, so she places her palm over the glass, turns it up and back again, and, of course, no one thinks that the new forms which the albumen assumes has been given it by any other means than that of the spirits abroad on that night. If she be a good social body, and well enough to do, she makes them all a cup of tea, or a plate of sowans, after which they take a little of the water and albumen in their mouths and go eaves-dropping, believing that the first name they hear in this manner is that which their future partner bears.

Of course, as might be expected, the *minutiae* of many of the above ceremonies vary in different localities; but, speaking generally, they are very much alike all over Scotland, and one result of all the divination and sports is that all are for the nonce intensely happy.

THE STRAW BONNET TRADE AT LUTON

BRAINLESS pates must be covered as well as wise heads, and when we consider that the three small towns of Luton, Dunstable, and St. Albans supply not only the British Islands with straw hats and bonnets, but Greater Britain beyond seas, and some foreign countries besides, we realise the importance of this beautiful and time-honoured industry. A national industry it can hardly be called. The art of plaiting straw was introduced into England from Lombardy during the reign of Elizabeth, and the dyeing of straw plaits, now so important a feature in the manufacture of hats and bonnets, is due to a French prisoner, who discovered the process when confined in England at the time of the Peninsular War. The history of the straw plait trade, however, from the beginning would fill a volume. More interesting generally, and more within the scope of a short paper, will be some account of the fabrication of a bonnet, and a few remarks on the present condition and prospects of the straw-plaiting industry, the central seat of which is Luton.

At first sight outsiders would suppose the making of a straw bonnet to be a very simple affair; it is, on the contrary, a series of delicate, elaborate, and, for the most part, mechanical processes. Straw is still plaited by hand certainly, but here manipulation may be said to end and machinery begin. We may mention, by the way, that in plaiting straw the English plaiter works from instead of towards him, as an artist in an illustrated contemporary lately represented. The Chinese plaiter, on the other hand, plaits backwards, and not forwards, holding the plait just as he would a neighbour's pigtail, if he were braiding it for him. Why the reverse method should always have held its ground in England is a mystery, since manufacturers admit the Chinese plait to be firmer and neater. Straw plaiting at home, moreover, is now in its decadence, and the only really finished artists in this handicraft are a few old women at Dunstable. The enormous quantities of Canton plait now imported, and the closing of the plaiting schools at Luton on the opening of the Board Schools some years ago, above all the introduction of machinery, account for this falling-off in technical skill. It is now proposed to have the art taught in the latter, in order to remedy the mischief, with what success remains to be seen. The Dunstable plait is still unrivalled, and whilst the best that comes into the market, it is also the dearest.

The manufacturer then has the material to hand, whether Chinese straw plait resembling the English, on which he chiefly depends, Italian fine plait, or Tuscan, straw trimmings made in Switzerland, and, lastly, the plaits made to look like straw, which are not straw at all, such as Italian willow, known as chip, German flax, and other nondescript fabrics, now largely used in the manufacture of ladies' bonnets—straw bonnets, so-called, whether indeed they are made of straw material or no.

A gay and cheerful sight is a manufacturer's store of "stuffs," or plaits—no brighter display of wares is to be seen in any manufactory nowadays, owing to the extraordinary variety of colours and shades with which the straw is now dyed. Scarlet, brilliant as a holly-berry, yellows that vie with the hues of a sunflower or tiger-lily, vivid blues and greens, warm crimsons and purples, are among the colours that readiest catch the eye; but quieter, more delicate tints abound also. Here æstheticism has come into play, and ladies can now procure head-gear of sage green, old gold, peacock blue, or any other colour to match their dresses. The latest novelty in colour, and one for which authorities predict great popularity, is a very beautiful shade of mauve. This is called the postage-stamp colour, and it does, indeed, very nearly match the hue of the new penny stamp. The colours come from France. That is to say, French ribbons are sent over here, and the plait is dyed at Luton to match by local firms. Another curious fact may be mentioned with regard, not only to the colour of straw bonnets, but their shapes. Not the capricious seasons, but still more capricious Fashion, presides as the good or evil genius over the Luton bonnet trade! The uninitiated, for instance, would naturally suppose that a long brilliant summer like that we have just been favoured with would exercise a decidedly favourable effect on the sale of straw bonnets. Not at all. The weather may be superb, or disastrously wet and gloomy, from May till October—if a taking bonnet or hat appears in the shop-windows there will be a run upon it, no matter whether the season be exceptionally fine or the reverse. It only suffices for a hit to be made, and the especial hat or bonnet that captivates feminine fancy is sold by the hundred of thousands of dozens, although the opportunities of wearing it are reduced to a minimum by long-continued bad weather.

Thus the Luton manufacturer need not concern himself at all with the seasons, but concentrates all his energy upon new devices and matters of taste. His very existence, indeed, depends upon that fickle thing—a woman's fancy about her *chapeau*!

Thanks to Mr. Harden, we were permitted leisurely to watch the interesting transformation of the plait into the bonnet, every process of which takes place on his own premises. The plait, cleaned by sulphur and passed through a hand-mill, is transferred to the machinist, now rapidly supplanting the hand-sewer, and in the busy work-room we see dozens of bonnets being made with what appears magical rapidity by the sewing machine. In spite of Mr. Ruskin's famous dictum to the contrary, manufacturers assure us that for neatness and strength, to say nothing of expedition, machine-sewn plaits greatly excel the hand-sewn. So great, indeed, is the revolution effected by the introduction of machinery into this part of bonnet-making that even skilled hand-sewers are now learning to work the machines. This invention is due to a Lutonian, and is of about ten years' date only. The blocking is another important process now achieved by machinery. Formerly the blocking of a bonnet by hand occupied a skilful manipulator ten minutes. By the aid of machinery worked by steam a bonnet is now blocked—that is to say, put into shape—in half a minute, when it comes out of the press hot and steaming as a potato from the

boiler. It does not suffice, however, that a bonnet is put into shape, it must be stiffened by gelatine, smoothed with an iron, dried in free currents of air, polished, finally wired and lined, before it quits the precincts of the manufactory. The two last processes are, of course, manual, and are performed by young women. In a short paper it is not possible to go into all the minutiae of bonnet-making, but the above remarks will give some notion of the elaborate nature of the process. With regard to block-making, I should mention that each new block, or model, costs the manufacturer about half a guinea, and whilst in some cases thousands of dozens of bonnets are turned off from the same model, others have to be discarded at a dead loss, for the simple reason that they have not caught the feminine fancy. Another instance of the tyranny exercised by the sex over the trade in bonnets!

From first to last, indeed, as is only meet and right, women play a most important part, commercial, economic, æsthetic, in the manufacture of the *chapeau*. Not only do they plait the straw and put the bonnet together, but they decide, for once and for all, what is the right thing to put on a female head and what is the wrong. No question of women's rights can come into play where their bonnets are concerned. They are fully enjoyed already. The plait is made by women and children in the neighbouring villages and counties, whose earnings are very small, and enormous quantities of cheap goods are also made up in the cottages round about Luton. In fine weather you see the workers high busy, sitting making hats on their doorsteps, and on Fridays and Saturdays they flock into the town, bringing their wares with them, neatly tied up in white wrappers. This part of the business—namely, the carrying of the heavy bundles, often long distances—is said to prove very trying to the women. Skilled workwomen during the busy seasons earn very high wages, but in the slack autumn it is as much as a manufacturer can do to keep his hands going at nominal pay.

In this trade, as in all others, excessive competition and over-production have to be contended with. Hats and bonnets, like everything else, are too plentiful and too cheap; and as the fashion in female head-gear is perpetually changing, and bonnets are more and more covered with trimming, the cheap bonnet is the only one that sells at a profit. In former days our grandmothers would pay a guinea for a Tuscan bonnet, but they would wear it for years. Nowadays every lady wants not only bonnets and hats for every season, but for every dress. An elderly Frenchwoman the present writer once travelled with put six bonnets into her trunk for a three weeks' stay at a quiet watering-place.

A curious and unique spectacle is afforded by the Luton plait market on Monday morning in the handsome Plait Hall. Precisely at nine o'clock a bell rings, proclaiming the market open, and no one may buy or sell before the signal is heard. Here you see not only the wholesale merchant, with his enormous bales of English and Chinese plait, but the country folks, mostly women and girls, with their week's work, some well-dressed and having a thriving, cheerful appearance, others pinched old women, holding in their arms a few knots of so many scores (of yards) of unbleached plait, often sold at threepence and upwards a score. The heaps of many-coloured plaits, Canton and English, displayed on the ground make a cheerful sight, although, artistically speaking, nothing is so beautiful to the eye as the natural colour of the English wheat straw. In former days the plait market was held out of doors. We must not conclude this paper without mention of the Japanese plait, the only rival of the whole Dunstable straw. Mr. Batham showed us some specimens, exquisite both in colour and make—brilliant, solid—the consummation of taste and excellence in a textile fabric. One especial pattern, made up of this undyed plait, with a mixture of delicate, delicious gold brown, would turn a bonnet into a veritable work of art, always provided that the form matched the material. Unfortunately, these superlative Japanese plaits are too expensive for the English market. Americans indulge in them chiefly in making up men's hats, and English ladies might do the same if they preferred to lay out their money upon one really perfect piece of head-gear instead of purchasing a dozen cheap hats or bonnets for the sum.

M. B. E.

NEW MUSIC

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Three simple ballads of average merit are "A Little Bird Told Me," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Charles Tirbitt, suitable for a young girl with a voice of medium compass.—"The Little Drummer," a tragical tale of the battlefield, words by Frederick Wood, music by G. B. Allen, and "A Lullaby," words and music by W. Monk Gould; the last-named has a very effective arpeggio accompaniment.—The instrumental budget from this firm is very good; it comprises "By Rushing Weir," an impromptu for the pianoforte, and "La Reine Margot," a gavotte, both by W. S. Rockstro, of moderate difficulty.—Two pieces by Victor Delacour, "Le Carillon du Village," an effective and not superfluous piece, and "Paroles du Cœur," a charming *morceau*, are worthy the attention of amateurs.—(Quaint, and not lacking in originality, are "Diavolina" and "La Course au Clocher," a "Galop de Bravoure," by Gustav Lange.—The same may be said of "Bergers et Bergères," a gavotte, and "Carnaval Galop," by Paul Beaumont.—Of the same type is "A Midnight Reverie," by Michael Watson, "Marches des Ménestrels," by Seymour Smith, and "Fleur des Champs," by F. Reinhold Müller.—"Childhood's Hours" is the collective title of twelve characteristic pieces for the pianoforte, by A. Loeschhorn; some are worthy the attention of school students in their teens, others will be passed over.—A set of waltzes which have created quite a sensation this season at the Promenade Concerts are "The See-Saw," by A. G. Crowe; they are pretty and tuneful, especially when the vocal refrain is sung by a chorus of juveniles.—"The Holly Galop," by P. Bucalossi, is danceable and spirited.—"Ball Scenes," five pieces for the pianoforte by J. Hoffmann, are clever, but too dry to merit their title.—"The Mephisto Polka," by Percy Reeve, is as dashing and lively as its name would suggest.—A quaint and sprightly piece for the pianoforte is "Puck," a "Danse de Ballet," by Caroline Lowthian.

MESSRS. HAMMOND AND CO.—From hence come a series of pleasing pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room; three by Gustav Lange, are respectively:—"Aus Tiefster Seele," "Sänger in den Zweigen," and "Tanzscene."—Of the same type are a brace of pieces, by L. Mitchinson, entitled:—"Berceuse" and, "Près d'un Monastère."—Both frontispiece and musical contents of "Paquita," a valse by M. Gilbert, are of the pretty—prettiest.—"Night and Morning," waltzes by C. H. Stone, and "Loving Hearts," so waltzes by Louis Lamar, are playable and danceable; so is the "Longchamps Polka," by Evelyn F. D'Egville.—Last and best of the dance music is "La Piquante Polka," by H. Elliot Lath which will, or at all events deserves, to take a foremost place in dance programmes for the coming season.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Replete with grace and refinement is "Music When Soft Voices Die," the poetry by Shelley, set by W. H. Hadow to a charming melody (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—By the same composer is a clever "Sonatina," in B flat (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—We cannot speak in too high terms of the first volume of "Beethoven's Sonatas" (the Klindworth edition), just now published, to be followed by one or more volumes. No musical library need be without a collection of the works of this great composer, published as they now are at so moderate a price, revised, corrected, and fingered by Charles Klindworth (Messrs. Wilcocks and Co.).

VELVETEENS.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN is "the favourite and most fashionable material of the day. The wear of every yard is guaranteed by the Manufacturer, and every yard of the genuine bears the name "LOUIS."

AMONG the myriad tissues used for dress, and worn by either sex, Velvet is "facile princeps." As regards the adornment of women, nothing shows to so great advantage beauty of outline and graceful figure, or the clearness and delicate colouring of the complexion. It is equally becoming to the blonde and the brunette; it does not merely clothe, it drapes and designs; lends a dignity and grace to the wearer, and requiring but little ornament, derives its elegance from its own richness of colour and drapery. From the first ages of which we have any record in the annals of dress, Velvet held a Royal place. Among the splendid presents sent to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, about the year 800, were several pieces of "Samite," as Velvet was then called, a nomenclature derived, so sayeth tradition, from the Isle of Samos, whence came the silk of which it was woven. It was about the twelfth century that Velvet began to be woven at Palermo, and thence the manufacture spread over Italy, the best specimens coming from Lucca. Velvet was then used for covering the furniture and hanging the walls in Royal Palaces; a little later it was employed for the vestments and ornaments of churches. Naturally, it was not long ere the fairer sex saw how their charms and attractions would be increased by the adoption of this sumptuous material; and Agnes Sorel, the "Dame de Beauté," brought it to the highest fashion at the Court of Charles VII. of France. It was about the fourteenth century that Velvet took the name it has preserved ever since. It was then rigidly confined to the use of the nobility, the middle classes being prohibited from wearing it. From that time it has been essentially the dress of the "grande dame," and in all the mutations of fashion, whatever might be the temporary favour or disgrace of brocades and other rich pattern tissues, Velvet has always held its own and special place. The desire to dress to the best advantage and "se faire belle" is not, however, confined to the wealthy lady who can purchase a Genoa or Lyons Velvet, and the demand for some material to produce the same effect at a moderate price resulted, as demands generally will when persisted in, in an attempt at creating a supply. But what an attempt was that of the first Velveteens! A piece before me now, turned out of an old box, has induced the present train of thought. This

SPECIMEN was, I conjecture, once black, it is now a rusty iron, it is hard and stiff, and hangs in sharp points, as if lined with brown paper; was it ever fondly imagined to imitate Velvet? Surely no manufactured material ever made so rapid and immense a progress. I contrast the piece just described with a 'yard of modern Velveteen, also before me; such depth of shadow, peach-like a bloom on the lights, so soft and silky to the touch, and as I lift it, falling naturally in the richest and most graceful folds. But am I deceiving myself with a piece of Genoa Velvet? No; turning it to look at the back, I find the griffin and the rest of the trade-mark of the "LOUIS" Velveteen." That accounts for my indecision, for the "LOUIS" is so wonderful a representation of the best Silk Velvet, that it has to my knowledge repeatedly deceived both the hands and the eyes of experts. Were its beauty its only attraction, there would be every excuse for the repeated orders all the Court dressmakers here and abroad have been receiving during the last few years for dresses of "LOUIS" Velveteen. The couturières would perhaps be better pleased if its "appearance" were indeed its only claim to favour; for it wears so splendidly, retaining its richness of colour, softness, and lustre, to the very last moment of its use, that, though an absolute investment to the customer, it is by no means so remunerative to the dressmaker, who, had an inferior make of Velveteen

BEEN selected, might have orders for four, during the time the one "LOUIS" will wear and look well. In no material is there so marked a difference between good and bad qualities as is the case with Velveteen, the "shabby-fine" appearance of the inferior makes and the elegant and luxurious effect of the "LOUIS" being as widely different as a coarse crochet edging from the finest "point d'Alencon." Looking again at the piece before me, I find it is the first I ever had—in 1878, if I remember rightly—yet it has lost none of its colour or brightness. I know at the time I thought it perfection, but it was not evidently; for since then Velveteens have been decidedly improved by some peculiar process of "locking" the pile, which results in this bearing any amount of creasing or crushing, without either the appearance of the Velveteen or its wearing qualities being in the least affected. Rain, also, does not injure it in the least, and many women who really understand the art of dress, don a "LOUIS" Velveteen when going for a round of visits, or a shopping tour on wet days. Even passing to and from the carriage, many other dress materials would be injured, but this has only to be

shaken to remove every trace of rain. Most materials are suitable only for certain styles of dress; the tailor-made serge, or English woollen that makes a perfect travelling frock, would be an impossibility at dinner. Velveteen is perfectly free from this drawback; there is no time in the day, no occasion on which it looks out of place, and no material, of the plainest or most elaborate tissue, with which it will not freely combine; for the skirt that accompanies a satin tunic one day may appear the next with cachemire, or even muslin, an advantage that cannot be too highly estimated, in a travelling wardrobe especially. This makes it the most economical and convenient material ever manufactured. Of course these remarks only apply to the best quality, such as I have described, for one of those which become worn and dull after two or three times wearing is the acme of shabbiness. To ladies—and they are many—whose dress allowances require considerable management to enable them to dress according to their tastes and position, LOUIS Velveteen is simply invaluable; it is by no means, however, confined to those who choose it for this reason, its own intrinsic beauty of effect and



GRACEFUL drapery have made it a great favourite among the leaders of fashion both in England and abroad, Paris and Vienna especially. At the salons of the principal Court dressmakers, this is abundantly proved by the charming dresses of all styles made in LOUIS Velveteen, from the walking frocks with their short plaited skirts or full and plain and their dainty fitting bodices, to the elegant long train cut in one with the bodice, and hanging in rich folds over a brocade or satin skirt covered with lace. At one time the wearers of them would not have dreamed of substituting Velveteen for Velvet, but then the "LOUIS" had not been introduced. Such testimony as this, however, much as it is sought after by many makers of other Velveteens, is not necessary to establish the fame of the "LOUIS." Still, it is satisfactory to see, as an added proof of the incalculable strides Englishwomen have made in the Art of Dress during the last few years, that beauty of material and artistic effect are now more sought after than tissues whose principal attraction was that they were known to have cost a large sum of money. Had all English makers of dress materials the public spirit, taste, and tact shown by the manufacturer of the "LOUIS" Velveteen, in improving his specialties to the tastes of the day, instead of vainly attempting to alter those tastes for their own convenience, we should never have heard of the decadence of trade in English fabrics.

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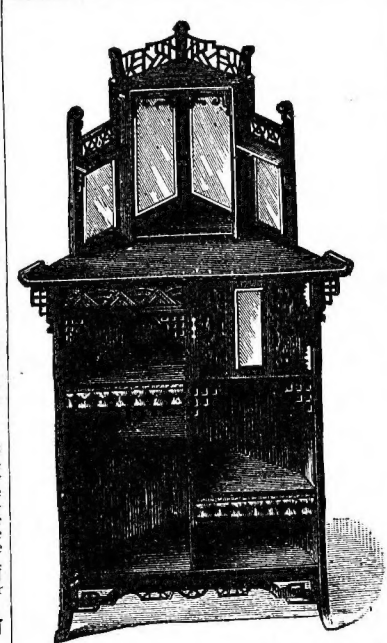
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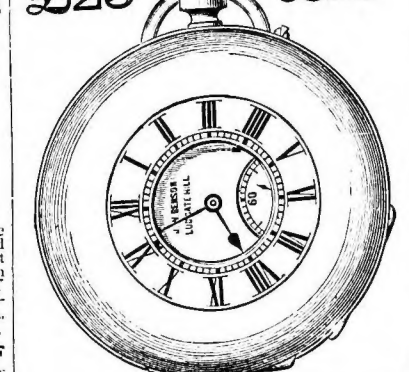
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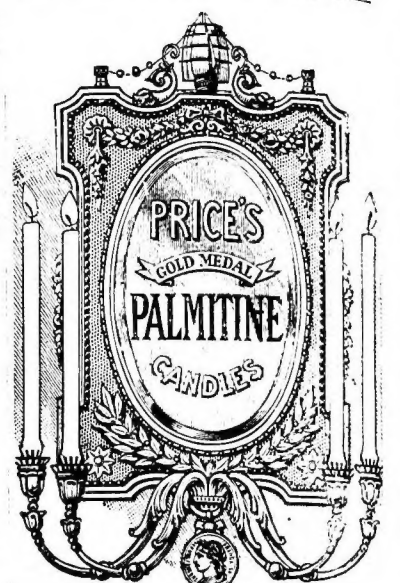
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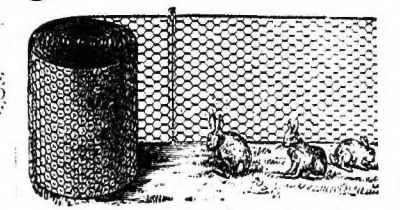


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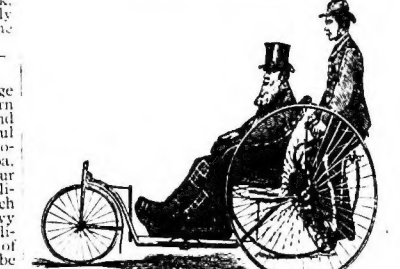


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